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\nTable of Contents\n

\nTitle Page\n
\nFOREWORD\n
\nPROLOGUE\n
\nSECOND PROLOGUE\n
\nCHAPTER ONE\n
\nCHAPTER TWO\n
\nCHAPTER THREE\n
\nCHAPTER FOUR\n
\nCHAPTER FIVE\n
\nCHAPTER SIX\n
\nCHAPTER SEVEN\n
\nCHAPTER EIGHT\n
\nCHAPTER NINE\n
\nCHAPTER TEN\n
\nEPILOGUE\n

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\n \n
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\nDR WHO AND THE\n
\nICE MEN FROM MARS\n
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\nNovel by \n
\nALAN SMITHEE\n
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\nBased on the Aaru/Hammer motion picture written by \n
\nBrian Hayles and David Whitaker\n
\nfrom the BBC television serial by Brian Hayles\n
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\n \n
\nCONTENTS\n
\n \n
\n \n
\nForeword – From Shepperton to Skaro \n
\nPrologue – Escape from the Daleks \n
\nSecond Prologue – The New Ice Age \n
\n1. In the Ice \n
\n2. Overload \n
\n3. The Ice Wakes \n
\n4. Prisoner of the Warrior \n
\n5. The Spaceship \n
\n6. The Battle in the Snow \n
\n7. The Fine Art of Diplomacy \n
\n8. The Escape through the Snow \n
\n9. The Battle Begins \n
\n10. Free at Last \n

\nEpilogue – Home... to Rest?\n
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\nFOREWORD\n
\n\nFrom Shepperton to Skaro: Dr Who on the Big Screen\n
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\nThough generally considered to be a better film than its predecessor, Daleks Invasion Earth 2150AD had fared less well at the box office. Reviews had also been savage. The Dalekmania craze had waned and with it went the plan to adapt the third Dalek TV adventure ‘The Chase’ into a film.\n
\nPeter Cushing’s Dr Who had met his end, not at the hands of the Daleks but at the box office.\n
\nAt least that was how it seemed. Amicus, the parent of Aaru, had long been a competitor of Hammer, a studio famed worldwide for its horror productions, and it was Hammer who would prove to be instrumental in bringing Cushing’s Dr Who back to the big screen.\n
\nMichael Carreras, a producer and director at Hammer – and also son of the studio’s founder James Carreras – had been intrigued by the direction taken by Doctor Who on television in 1967 with incoming Doctor Patrick Troughton facing a new range of monsters. Carreras knew that the show’s viewing figures were solid even without the Daleks, and that meant a pre-existing audience. After enquiring with the BBC about licensing, Carreras found that the film rights to Doctor Who were still with Amicus/Aaru. The rights being held by a competitor should have killed his interest, but Carreras was convinced that there was a market for more from Dr Who on the big screen, and so he picked up the phone and called Milton Subotsky at Amicus.\n
\nNegotiating movie deals is usually a long and complex process which can take months or even years to complete. Michael Carreras and Milton Subotsky completed their deal for Hammer and Amicus (under their Aaru banner) to co-produce the next film adventure for Dr Who over a lunch, later described as “delightfully extended and highly productive”. The lunch was productive enough for the deal to stretch beyond this single film. Carreras had proposed that it would be more cost effective to film two movies back to back. Subotsky agreed in principle but knew that his deal with the BBC was for only one more adaptation. A meeting was quickly arranged with the BBC, at which the rights were extended to five more films or seven years, whichever ended first, with the first film required to be in the cinemas by the end of 1968.\n
\nBy this time Doctor Who had encountered a host of new species on TV, and in discussions two of these were chosen for the next two films, with a hint from the production office that a third new adversary should be watched to see if it too had potential. The two definitely selected were the Cybermen and the Ice Warriors, with the Yeti being the enemy predicted for success.\n
\nThe Cybermen had been the obvious choice. They had first appeared in William Hartnell’s final adventure ‘The Tenth Planet’ and had been successful enough to be brought back almost immediately in ‘The Moonbase’ and then again in ‘The Tomb of the Cybermen’. They were to return again soon in a story set on a space station and another story was already planned. They

seemed perfect for the role of alien menace in the new movie.\n
\nHowever, Michael Carreras had expressed some concerns regarding the design of the Cybermen and a discussion with the television production office led to a solution which was beneficial to all parties both creatively and financially. It did, however, mean that the Cybermen had to be delayed to the fourth film.\n
\nThat left the Ice Warriors as the villains for the third film.\n
\nA large part of the complaints aimed at the first Dalek films was that the scripts had been weak and uninspired. Carreras tactfully suggested that perhaps Brian Hayles, the script writer of the original television scripts, should be allowed to transfer his own story to the big screen. Subotsky agreed but insisted that David Whitaker, who had been the TV show's first script editor and with whom Subotsky had worked on the second film, should be hired to keep things on track.\n
\nProgress on the film moved ahead with Hayles and Whitaker working on the script with input from Val Guest, who would be directing the film, to give some of the style he had given to his earlier Hammer movies.\n
\nProgress was not all smooth, though. The plan had been for Bernard Cribbins and Jill Curzon to return as Tom Campbell and Dr Who's niece Louise, respectively. After discussion it was agreed also to retain Susan, played by Roberta Tovey, though she would now be in her early teens and portrayed as less of a child. As events transpired, Cribbins was unable to commit to both films in the schedule and school meant that Tovey was not available for the entire shoot either. A decision was made to limit the trio's appearance in the first film to a cameo and to give Dr Who two new companions. Jim Dale was a rising star, prominent in the popular Carry On films, and the role of the uninspiringly named Jim was written for his athletic, exuberant charm. The role of Jim's girlfriend, Vanessa, an orphaned refugee from an adventure in 1912, went to Valerie Leon, who had just been cast in the comedy Smashing Time, but whose physical appearance had attracted the interest of casting directors at Hammer and at the Carry On films.\n
\nWith cast, crew and script in place and almost ready, another menace to production rolled into view. Amicus had signed a deal to use the Daleks in their first three films. The Daleks were not in this production. A legal wrangle beckoned until the producers agreed to add the Daleks to the script in a prologue sequence akin to the pre-titles sequence of a James Bond film.\n
\nVal Guest assembled a cast of character actors including Andre Morrell, Gordon Jackson, Fulton Mackay and Wanda Ventham to portray the human characters while Bernard Bresslaw, who had played Ice Warrior Varga on TV, returned to the role for the movie.\n
\nOn an unusually warm day in spring 1968, Peter Cushing started filming his third film outing as Dr Who.\n
\nFilming was almost entirely studiobound and lasted six weeks, utilising both Shepperton and Hammer's own Bray Studios, wrapping precisely on time and marginally under budget. Peter Cushing's scenes were all packed into the first four and a half weeks so that he could have a

holiday before filming began on the second film.\n
\nWith the film in the can, Val Guest oversaw post-production in order that the film was ready for a November opening. When the movie did reach the screens, audiences were treated to the surprise of the Ron Grainer theme music accompanied by a familiar swirling opening sequence similar to the TV version. James Bernard, who had supplied such a memorable score for Hammer's She in 1965, delivered a soundtrack which underlined both the action and the terrible, unrelenting cold. \n
\nCritical response was more positive than for the previous films, with critics praising the more serious tone of the script and Val Guest's atmospheric direction. The actors, too, received praise. The chemistry between Jim Dale and Valerie Leon was charming and genuine, while Peter Cushing's Dr Who showed a steel and determination unhinted at in the earlier films. The supporting cast were also given very positive notices for giving depth to their characters.\n
\nPositive reviews and good word of mouth brought a very solid return at the domestic box office, while the show's increased profile internationally gave the film a wider global appeal. The film attracted more cinemagoers than either of the Dalek films, fuelling a clamour for more big screen adventures, and by the time the film completed its run, the next journey of Tardis was already in the can.\n
\nMichael Loggins, 2019\n
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\nPROLOGUE\n
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\nEscape from the Daleks\n
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\nStation Delta-Six had a long and noble history. Built in orbit around the ice planet Barrios, the doughnut-shaped station spent fifty years as Earth Empire’s outpost in this far off system and played home to more than twenty thousand personnel of the Stellar Navy. \n
\nWhen it was decommissioned by the Empire’s Navy, the station looked set to be broken up for scrap. However money intervened. For twenty years the station housed planetary engineers and from its sixty decks they set about the ambitious plan to make parts of that brutal, frigid planet habitable. \n
\nAs soon as the first habitable bands were opened, companies began exploring and excavating the rich seams of diamonds and the other minerals which the planet offered. Equally profitable was the tourist industry, which turned Barrios into the most prestigious winter sports holiday location in the Empire. Hundreds of thousands and ultimately millions flocked to the planet every year, and as planetary engineers moved their work to purpose built science stations, the now seventy year-old Station Delta-Six was once again refurbished, this time becoming the largest orbiting hotel around Barrios, with its upper levels gaining a reputation as the most opulent location in the system. \n
\nFor thirty further years the station, now re-christened the Hyperion, thrived as Barrios prospered.\n
\nAnd then the Daleks arrived.\n
\nVisitors and staff were either exterminated or enslaved, sent into the diamond mines to excavate the precious jewels, which the Daleks used in their propulsion and weapons systems. The slaves died in their thousands, either beaten to death, worked until exhaustion took them or they simply succumbed to the brutal cold. The dead were considered to be the lucky ones. Those who survived waited to die, robbed of hope, certain that there would be no rescue from the Empire. Nothing could stand against the Daleks.\n
\nAnd then Dr Who arrived.\n
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\n‘Run, dear boy, run!’\n
\nDr Who struggled to keep the heavy metal shutters from closing. Twenty yards behind along the curved corridor, his nephew Jim was sprinting towards him.\n
\nJim looked exhausted. Covered in grime, his normally handsome face was creased by strain and fatigue, but he kept running.\n
\n‘Exterminate!’ The familiar, hated war cry of the Daleks sounded from behind Jim. \n
\nThe Daleks were close.\n

\n‘Hurry, my boy,’ Dr Who urged, pushing hard against the shutter’s unrelenting pressure.\n
\nThe energy bolt from a Dalek weapon blasted a hole in the bulkhead. Another blast followed seconds later.\n
\n‘Exterminate!’\n
\nThere were two Dalek voices, chorusing their hate in unison.\n
\nJim kept running. He was ten yards away. Five yards.\n
\n‘Halt!’\n
\nThe bulkhead between Jim and Dr Who exploded. Two Daleks has rounded the curve of the corridor and had their guns trained on the young man.\n
\nJim stopped. ‘Go,’ he said quietly. ‘Go, and get Vanessa away from here.’\n
\nDr Who shook his head. ‘I won’t leave you, my boy.’\n
\n‘Do it,’ Jim said quietly. ‘Millions of lives or just mine... you always taught me arithmetic was important. It matters now. Tell Vanessa... well, she knows.’\n
\nDr Who nodded. ‘She does.’\n
\n‘Go.’\n
\nDr Who stepped back from the shutter and the doors clanged shut.\n
\nJim raised his arms and turned to face the two Daleks. One was red, one was black. The Black Dalek was in command of the station. Jim had seen it order the execution of hundreds of miners.\n
\n‘All right,’ Jim said slowly. ‘I surrender. I give up.’\n
\nThe Black Dalek scrutinised him impassively for a painfully long moment before it said a single word. ‘Exterminate!’\n
\nJim braced himself and closed his eyes, content that at least his uncle would get Vanessa away.\n
\nPower crackled and he waited for death.\n
\nIt didn’t come.\n
\nJim opened one eye. Energy arced from the walls engulfing the Daleks. The two invaders screeched and tried to spin free but the electricity held them, sending an acrid smoke up from their casings.\n
\nThe shutters behind Jim slid open. Dr Who peered through. ‘Jim!’ he exclaimed. ‘You’re all right, my boy.’\n
\nJim looked at the screeching Daleks then back at his uncle. ‘You? How?’\n
\nDr Who pointed at a mass of twisted wires spilling from an open wall panel. ‘It was nothing. Now, shall we go?’\n
\nJim needed no second invitation. He followed his uncle, pleased to hear the shutters slam behind them as they ran along the corridor towards the last remaining emergency pod on the station.\n
\nVanessa looked at them with relief as they opened the hatch and clambered in.\n

\n‘You’re all right,’ she said, grabbing Jim in the tightest hug.\n
\n‘Only just,’ he admitted.\n
\nDr Who was preparing the escape pod for launch. ‘How long until the reactor overloads, my dear?’\n
\nVanessa released Jim long enough to look at a read-out. ‘Forty two seconds.’\n
\nDr Who dropped into a seat. ‘Then it’s time to go,’ he said. ‘Strap yourselves in.’\n
\nJim and Vanessa buckled themselves into seats. Jim caught Vanessa’s hand again. ‘It’s very forward of me, I know.’\n
\nVanessa gave a beautiful, radiant smile. ‘I’m not in 1912 anymore, am I?’\n
\n‘No.’\n
\n‘Hold on,’ Dr Who called.\n
\nA second later, a sudden acceleration pressed the pod’s three passengers back in their seats.\n
\nThe pod shot towards the icy blue planet below, spinning, adjusting itself, preparing to enter the atmosphere. A sudden flare behind them lit the porthole as explosion after explosion ripped through the Hyperion. \n
\nAs the pod’s outer hull began to glow and the interior vibrated, marking the emergency vehicle’s entry into the planet’s atmosphere, a final, huge explosion devastated the Hyperion, blasting it into atoms.\n
\nThe station’s long and varied life came to an end. Its final role was as the funeral pyre of the Daleks.\n
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\nDr Who clambered out of the pod and dropped onto the thick, snow-covered ground several feet below, where Jim and Vanessa helped steady him as he landed.\n
\n‘Oh, thank you both.’\n
\nVanessa shivered. ‘It’s freezing,’ she said through chattering teeth. \n
\nJim pulled off his jacket and dropped it around her shoulders. ‘Here.’ Almost immediately he started shivering, too. ‘We need to find shelter,’ he said.\n
\n‘Quite right,’ Dr Who said. He looked around the landscape, taking in the slabs of ice and drifts of snow. ‘This way, I think.’\n
\nJim and Vanessa followed the old man.\n
\n‘Have you any idea where we are?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\n‘Maybe we can find a cave?’ Jim suggested. ‘An entrance to the mines? Just somewhere out of the wind.’\n
\n‘I think I know a place,’ Dr Who called back, moving around a huge block of ice.\n
\nThere, in front of him, was the solid and reassuring blue Police Box shape of Tardis, his time and space machine.\n
\n‘Tardis!’ Vanessa exclaimed.\n

\n‘Yes,’ Dr Who nodded, opening the door and leading his young companions into the impossibly large space inside the box, a space as large and spacious as a good-sized house.\n
\nLarge, spacious and warm.\n
\nJim pushed the door closed. ‘Let’s go home,’ he said.\n
\nVanessa nodded. ‘Yes, please.’\n
\n‘Very well,’ Dr Who agreed. He pushed the control lever, and with its customary whooshing and wheezing Tardis took flight.\n
\nOutside, on the freezing surface of Barrios, the Police Box faded, leaving only a square imprint in the snow as the sole sign that Tardis had ever been there. Within minutes, even that was gone, hidden beneath the freshly fallen snow.\n

\nSECOND PROLOGUE\n
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\nThe New Ice Age\n
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\nEarth’s climate has always been prone to change. At one point in the far distant past, in the early days of life on the planet, that life was all but extinguished as Earth became a frozen, icy world. For thousands of years the entire surface of the planet was covered with ice and snow, the white surface reflecting the sun’s energy back into space, rather than capturing it as darker land-masses and oceans would have. On that occasion, life on Earth was saved by a cataclysm. A super-volcano erupted, setting off a chain of other volcanic eruptions. The rocks and soil belched out by the angry planet darkened the surface, allowing the sun’s heat to be absorbed, and the gases released into the atmosphere by the eruptions, when mixed with the dust high over the planet, raised temperatures enough that the snow and ice receded. \n
\nLife didn’t just survive in this warmer world. It thrived. It diversified and spread through the now warm oceans and crawled up onto the land. It changed, evolved and spread out, reaching every nook and cranny, from the furthest depths of the oceans to the most arid high plains. Life even took root in the still-frozen polar caps.\n
\nIn the ensuing millions of years, life continued and Earth’s climate went through periodical phases of warming and cooling. Ice ages came and went, some triggered by variations in solar activity, others by catastrophic events such as the Earth’s collision with what is assumed to be an asteroid almost sixty-six million years in the past, which sent the world into a deep freeze and wiped out most of the life on the planet, and with it the most successful animals to ever roam the planet’s surface, the dinosaurs.\n
\nBut Earth always survived. The atmosphere and the environment recovered, finding its natural equilibrium of warm zones, cold zones and temperate zones. Earth, its ecosystem so complex that even the most advanced computers couldn’t accurately predict its precise progress, always survived...\n
\n...until man developed technology. \n
\nIn just a few hundred years, the air became so toxic and polluted that temperatures rose, melting the ice caps and raising ocean levels. The stupid and the greedy ignored the warnings, poisoning the atmosphere. For a quick profit tomorrow, they ruined the next weeks, the next months and the next years and centuries of subsequent generations. \n
\nAs temperatures rose and coastal cities disappeared under water, a warning came. The melting ice was changing the currents of the oceans. The oceans, which were acting as the last hope of regulating the rising temperatures, relied on currents which flowed salt water and fresh water in different locations. It was a complex dynamic which dragged warm salt water from the surface down to the ocean floor where it cooled. Until the day the flood of too much fresh water

melting into the oceans stopped the current. \n
\nEarth changed in a few months.\n
\nWithout that complex system of currents Earth didn’t burn.\n
\nIt froze.\n
\nThe poles began to expand, the oceans froze again. Temperatures returned to what had been normal. Sceptics arrogantly asked what all the fuss had been about. But temperatures kept dropping. The snow fell and it kept falling, spreading south even into high summer. The poles kept expanding, reaching out to claw more territory into their frigid hands. Within a year, there was no such thing as summer in parts of the northern hemisphere. Moscow became snowbound all year round. The Scandinavian countries were the same. By the time the second winter of the cooling approached, climatologists predicted disaster. Thousands died in the great freeze as Sweden broke the record for the lowest recorded temperature on Earth a dozen times in a fortnight... that fortnight was in August. \n
\nThere was no doubt that Earth was gripped by a new Ice Age.\n
\nCities were evacuated in nations as far apart as Canada, Norway and Russia. A migration unseen in human history moved millions to new homes nearer the equator but the cold and the snow followed, making them move even further south. Entire countries had to be evacuated, leading to desperate border disputes as often traditionally poor nations struggled to cope with an influx of refugees from supposedly wealthier countries. Ultimately, human decency prevailed and the borders were opened, along with doors as people offered housing to refugees.\n
\nCanada, Russia, Sweden, Iceland... nation after nation succumbed to the advancing ice. As a group of islands, the British Isles held out for longer, with the water keeping temperatures there a few degrees higher. It was a brief respite. Within months, the spaces between the islands filled with ice and spread out, connecting even the farthest flung islands with the mainland. \n
\nThe glaciers spread south, ready to engulf the main land masses. \n
\nScientists had worked furiously for years, looking for a way to reverse the planet’s freezing, and for a way to halt the march of the glaciers which were now threatening Europe, Scandinavia, Russia and North America. Nations in the Southern hemisphere knew that it was only a matter of time before they were overtaken by Antarctica’s march north. \n
\nThe scientists’ desperate work paid off. They had a plan to halt the ice. Bases were built and the machinery was built and installed with desperate haste. Mankind was almost out of time.\n
\nThe ice was upon them.\n

\nCHAPTER ONE\n
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\nIn the Ice\n
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\n‘This is a preliminary warning. Preliminary warning. Prepare phase one base evacuation procedure. Phase one evacuation.’\n
\nJan Garrett ignored the computerised voice. She heard footsteps in the corridor outside of her Control Room but she ignored those too. She had to focus. She had to concentrate. She ran calculations through her head and input the solutions into her computer terminal. Her hands flew across the controls of the base’s Ioniser with the speed and skill of a concert pianist playing a virtuoso solo. Every calculation she keyed in caused a reaction requiring another calculation. She was constantly reacting.\n
\n‘This is a preliminary warning. Preliminary warning. Prepare phase one base evacuation procedure. Phase one evacuation.’\n
\n‘Oh do shut up,’ Jan hissed at the computer and punched in more calculations.\n
\nA gruff but educated Scottish voice cracked across the Control Room. ‘Why has the Ioniser been allowed to deteriorate to danger level?’\n
\nJan didn’t look up. She heard Clent’s walking stick tapping the floor as the Base Leader hurried to her work station. She didn’t need to see Clent’s face to know that he would be worried and stressed. He was always worried and stressed. Jan knew why, too. It was obvious, really. He was from an old family in Edinburgh, their location here in Caledon Base. He had been given command of the base because he was politically convenient. Unfortunately, though he was part of a first class family, Clent was a third-rate scientist and a considerably worse leader. He was out of his depth and did what out of their depth leaders always did when the enormity of the task facing them became clear: he resorted to the rule book and shouting. Creativity and ingenuity, the parents of the Ioniser project, were ignored for rules and regulations and bellowed orders to follow those rules. The only question in Jan’s mind was whether the ice would get Clent before he had a complete psychological breakdown.\n
\n‘Why has the Ioniser been allowed to deteriorate to danger level?’ Clent demanded again.\n
\nJan ran her hands across the controls. She knew she was irritating Clent by not looking up but she didn’t care. Her task was more important. ‘There was a power stoppage. One of the lines suffered a fade-out. I've done all I can to boost it.’\n
\nClent barked the obvious. ‘Well, it can't be allowed to fall any lower.’\n
\n‘We still have time to evacuate,’ Jan said quickly.\n
\nClent reacted exactly as she had expected. ‘We will certainly not evacuate. We've beaten its tantrums before.’\n
\nThe power readings in front of Jan dipped alarmingly. ‘It's falling again.’\n

\n‘Well, hold it!’ Clent shrieked. ‘You must hold it steady.’\n
\nI don’t see you saying how I should do that, Jan thought savagely but her anger produced inspiration. ‘I’m going to switch the stabilising circuits through to central computer control. All circuits!’\n
\n‘That’s never been done,’ Clent protested.\n
\nJan keyed the final control. ‘It has now.’\n
\nClent pushed his way round to her side of the control panel. The power levels were rising but he was obviously still far from content. ‘That’s not enough power.’\n
\n‘It’s rising,’ Jan bit out, barely controlling her irritation at the man’s impatience. ‘The computer stabilises one block of information at a time.’ The reading rose again. ‘We’re almost at stable level.’ The reading flicked from amber to green and continued rising. ‘We’ll be at one hundred percent capacity in under a minute.’\n
\n‘Is the Ioniser still holding the glacier at bay?’ Clent demanded. His voice was terse and brittle.\n
\nThe computer answered. ‘All bases are in phase. America, Australasia and South Africa report holding steady; Asia, some improvement claimed...’ \n
\nClent snorted. He always snorted when someone else achieved a better result than he had managed.\n
\nThe computer continued. ‘Caledon Base Europe, slipping out of phase. Glacial advance imminent.’\n
\nJan tried to run a hand through her straight blonde hair in the same reflexive tic she’d had since she was a child, but the transparent helmet displaying computer readouts on a visor just in front of her eyes got in the way. The helmet was light as well as transparent, and she often forgot she was wearing it. ‘We need Penley,’ she said to Clent.\n
\nIt looked as if she had punched the Base Leader. He straightened his back and his nostrils flared in anger. ‘You will not use that name again. He is no longer a member of this base’s staff.’\n
\nJan had expected the reaction. Clent had taken the resignation of Chief Scientist Penley as a personal insult... and he had been right to do so. It had been Penley’s frustration with Clent’s officious box-ticking and refusal to look beyond the tightly restricted operations authorised by orders, forbidding Penley from experimenting with other ideas even though the Ioniser programme was barely holding the ice at bay, that had ultimately driven Penley to resign and just march out of Caledon Base into the snow. He had hurled a tirade of abuse at Clent as he left and Clent was too fragile an ego to forgive that. Jan couldn’t let all of that get in the way of her work, however. \n
\n‘Penley’s the best scientist we have,’ she said.\n
\nClent slammed his fist down onto a work station. ‘He is a coward and a traitor.’ He pointed a finger at Jan. ‘You will repair this problem and you will get the Ioniser back on track.’\n

\n‘And if I can’t?’\n
\n‘You will!’ Clent snapped. ‘My... Our future depends on it.’ He pointed at the computers all around the Control Room. ‘You have the most advanced machinery man has ever invented at your disposal. Use it – and get the Ioniser back on track!’\n
\n \n
\nHad Leader Clent known exactly how close William Penley was, his rage would have intensified and pushed him past breaking point. \n
\nPenley crept along ancient stone corridors, a heavy bag of stolen food slung over his shoulder. A step behind him and also carrying a bag of supplies was Storrie, a feral, whiskered middle aged man. He and the obviously cultured Penley made a distinctly odd couple.\n
\n‘Do you know where we are?’ Storrie demanded in a terse voice. Locals would have recognised from his accent that he was from Leith, a part of Edinburgh close to the banks of the Forth River... not that there was a river anymore; just a wide expanse of metres-thick ice covered by snow accumulated over many years.\n
\n‘Of course I know where we are,’ Penley’s rich, cultured voice replied. ‘I used to work here.’ He led them around a corridor to a heavy wooden door studded with ancient nails. He heaved the door open and peered outside. ‘Clear,’ he said, and slipped out through the door.\n
\nStorrie followed, pulling the door closed behind them.\n
\nPenley was already running as fast as he could in his quilted thermal suit, down the long stone ramp towards the arched doorway which housed a hatch in the white wall which stretched up and arched back over their heads. He reached the wall a dozen steps before Storrie. ‘Hurry up,’ he called to the smaller man.\n
\n‘Give me a chance,’ Storrie complained. \n
\nPenley just opened the hatch and pushed the smaller man through. Before following, he paused and looked back. He wondered if it would be the last time he saw that magnificent sight.\n
\nUnder a huge white dome, Edinburgh Castle stood protected from the ravages of the weather beyond. It looked like one of those snow globes Penley’s grandmother had loved so much. It was glorious and it was home to Caledon Base, Europe’s branch of the Ioniser project. It was also home to Leader Clent and as long as that limited, near-sighted idiot was in charge, the Ioniser project didn’t stand a chance. \n
\nAnd politics meant that they wouldn’t get rid of Clent.\n
\nEarth was doomed and Penley knew it.\n
\nSadly, he turned and followed Storrie out into the snow.\n
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\nDan Arden was freezing. The wind had picked up again, the wind-chill dropping the temperature by ten degrees. The thermal unit inside his lightweight heat-suit simply hadn’t been built for that kind of cold and he felt it through to his bones. He even felt the cold through the

supposedly warmed, transparent, full-face mask he wore. On the other hand, he was actually enjoying himself enormously. As the glacier had pushed south towards Edinburgh it had brought long frozen relics of the past to the fore, either churning them up or spitting them up as the ice's movement or the Ioniser's power shattered the glacier, releasing its secrets. Clent didn't care about any of that, obviously. It had nothing to do with the Ioniser project. But Arden cared. He was a scientist. He had chosen his speciality in geography but at heart he was curious about absolutely everything. Teams were sent out constantly to monitor the glacier and to check the equipment observing its progress. Arden made a point of accompanying them as often as he could. He had found ancient shells, frozen fauna and in the past few months he had managed to uncover the frozen and preserved remains of a Smilodon, the sabre-toothed cat, as well as a Woolly Mammoth and a pair of young Mastodons. The animals had been encased in snow and ice as soon as they had died and had been preserved in the cold for millennia. The bodies had been taken away for zoologists and geneticists to study. Cloning technology was already at work in filling the gaps in the DNA strands so that the species could be restored when – if – Earth's ecosystem was repaired.\n
\nArden turned away from the mountain of ice in front of him, which stretched high above, disappearing into the clouds and the swirling snow.\n
\nDennis Wilson was setting up the latest batch of sensors observing the movement of the glacier.\n
\n'How does it look, Dennis?' Arden asked. The wind would have whipped his voice away if it hadn't been for the microphone inside his helmet.\n
\nWilson didn't look up. 'Almost done.'\n
\nArden liked the young technician. Dennis Wilson was helpful, funny, a decent card player, enjoyable company and a kindred spirit in curiosity. 'So, is it still on the march?'\n
\nThis time Wilson did look up. 'You know better than to ask that. We'll only know when the sensors report in...'\n
\nThe ground shook violently, throwing the men flat into the snow. \n
\nArden heard a deep booming CRACK sound and rolled onto his back in time to see a huge slab of ice the size of a large house plunging from above. He grabbed Wilson and dived down a snowy incline. They slid for maybe ten metres before the ice landed with a thunderous impact that shook the ground and splintered more sections from the face of the glacier.\n
\nArden and Wilson kept their heads down until the ice had been calm for a few minutes. When they looked up, the terrain had changed. The snowy ground was covered with shattered blocks of ice, ranging in size from a few centimetres to several metres. The front of the glacier had been affected too. A few areas had been struck by falling ice and had sheared or splintered, giving the glacier an uneven, almost violent, appearance. \n
\nWilson located his equipment. By a miracle it had survived, only being shaken up rather than pulverised as he had anticipated. While Dennis began setting up the probes again, Arden

wandered closer to the glacier.\n
\n‘Careful,’ Wilson called, but Arden ignored him. He had spotted something, a darker colour inside the bluey-white ice. He peered closely into the ice.\n
\n‘There’s something here,’ Arden called back.\n
\n‘What is it?’ Dennis asked. ‘Not another Mastodon? Get another Woolly Mammoth. At least they’re cute.’\n
\nArden scrubbed at the ice, trying to get a clearer picture of the creature inside. If it was something rare they might learn something...\n
\nHe stopped.\n
\n‘It’s a man.’\n
\n‘What?’ Wilson abandoned his equipment and hurried across. He looked at the size of the bulk inside the ice. ‘It can’t be. Look at the size of it.’\n
\n‘And look at the shape of it,’ Arden argued. ‘Bipedal, two legs, torso, arms and a head... It’s a man, or at least a hominid of some sort.’\n
\n‘It’s got to be a man,’ Wilson said. ‘That looks like a helmet of some sort.’\n
\nArden looked closer. Wilson might have a point. ‘You could be right,’ he said. ‘Come on, help me cut him out of the ice.’\n
\n‘I have work to do,’ Wilson protested.\n
\n‘This is work!’ Arden answered, reaching for his laser drill. He relented. ‘You set up and I’ll start cutting.’\n
\nWilson thought for just a moment then nodded enthusiastically. ‘You’re on. I’ll help after I set up.’\n
\nAs soon as they had started work, both men heard an unwelcome voice in their mask communicators. ‘Arden, this is Leader Clent. We registered activity near your location. What happened? Is the glacier moving?’\n
\nArden sighed. It was typical of Clent to get in the way of his fun. ‘Part of the glacier sheared off and fell,’ he answered. ‘It did some damage to the front of the glacier.’\n
\n‘But is it moving?’ Clent sounded desperate.\n
\n‘We’re fine, thanks for asking,’ Arden replied sarcastically, ‘and before you get your knickers in too much of a twist...’ he looked to Wilson who shook his head, ‘...no, your precious glacier didn’t move.’\n
\n‘Get back to Base,’ Clent said. ‘Immediately.’\n
\nArden automatically shook his head. ‘Not yet. I found something in the ice. I’m cutting it out.’\n
\n‘You have your orders,’ Clent repeated tinnily. ‘Return to Caledon Base now.’\n
\nArden glanced at Wilson who shook his head. ‘Sorry, Caledon Base,’ Arden said, ‘I can’t hear you. You’re breaking up. Must be the weather. I’ll be back in a bit.’\n
\n‘Arden? Arden?’ Clent’s voice screeched in his ear. ‘Arden, I’m ordering you...’ Arden killed the feed, cutting off Clent’s voice.\n

\n‘He’ll skin us alive for that,’ Wilson said sourly.\n
\nArden shrugged. ‘Depends what we’ve found, don’t you think?’\n
\nWilson chuckled. ‘If I thought at all I wouldn’t let you get me in this kind of trouble.’\n
\nArden laughed heartily. ‘Come on,’ he said, ‘if that’s you set up, come and help me cut our boy loose.’\n
\nWilson scooped up his own laser drill and crunched across the snow and ice to help his friend.\n
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\nNeither Arden nor Wilson were aware that they were being observed at that moment. Penley and Storrie had dipped behind an outcrop of ice when they had seen the scientists working.\n
\n‘They’ve found something,’ Penley said curiously. ‘I wonder what it is this time...’\n
\n‘I don’t care,’ Storrie said sourly. ‘Scientists are always digging and poking about. It’s you scientists who caused this mess in the first place.’\n
\nPenley sighed. He’d heard all of this before and explained why Storrie was wrong countless times before as well. Yes, advances in science had caused the initial warming but the scientific community had fought a losing battle against the ignorance and self-interest of politicians, who had ignored their warnings until it was too late. He had told Storrie this a hundred times or more. It didn’t matter. Facts were irrelevant to the feral little man. All that mattered was how he felt. He was beyond the reach of facts. \n
\n‘That’s not true,’ Penley said wearily, ‘but if you’re too closed-minded to listen I don’t intend on wasting time trying to educate you again.’ He pushed himself back to his feet and followed the familiar path towards the distant cave opening to the place he now called home.\n
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\nOutside the entrance hatch to Caledon Base’s dome, the wind whipped at the snow, sweeping it into a drift several metres high against the side of the dome. The wind gusted and whistled. A new sound merged with it, a wheezing and whooshing noise, and from nowhere the solid blue shape of a London Police Box materialised. \n
\nThe door opened. ‘Here we are,’ Dr Who said, stepping out of his ship. ‘Back in our own...’ he looked around at the snow and ice, ‘...garden?’\n
\nJim and Vanessa followed him out.\n
\n‘It doesn’t look like home,’ Vanessa said with just a hint of mild accusation in her voice. ‘Unless it’s turned very cold while we were away.’\n
\n‘We just landed a bit further down that same mountain on Barrios, didn’t we?’ Jim said sourly. \n
\nDr Who’s smile was a mixture of sheepish and guilty. He knew he was by any standards a bit of a genius, and that Tardis was an extraordinary creation, but despite that, things did still go wrong occasionally. ‘We should find out exactly where we are before we try for home again,’ he said.\n

\n‘And how do we do that?’ Jim asked. \n
\nDr Who pointed at the arched doorway behind them. ‘Well, you always say I’m a bit old fashioned, my boy, but I do think a door tends to lead somewhere, don’t you?’\n
\n‘All right,’ Jim conceded. His uncle had used his body to hide the hatch from his young companions. ‘Carry on, Doctor.’\n
\nThe old man leaned into the wind and pushed himself towards the door. Jim let Vanessa take his hand and lead him after his uncle.\n
\nDr Who had opened the doors easily enough and a moment later they were inside the far warmer, wind-free environment of the dome, staring at the imposing bulk of Edinburgh Castle.\n
\n‘Well,’ said Dr Who, ‘I certainly didn’t expect that.’\n
\n‘I didn’t think Scotland was this cold,’ Jim muttered.\n
\nVanessa giggled and brushed her arm against his. For a prim and well-educated lady from 1912, that was a positively lewd show of affection when in company. \n
\nJim smiled and thought for the umpteenth time that day that he really was a lucky man.\n
\n‘Come along, you two.’ Dr Who was already making his way up the Royal Mile towards the Gatehouse. Contentedly holding hands, Jim and Vanessa followed the old man.\n
\nThey had just reached the Gatehouse when a klaxon wailed.\n

\nCHAPTER TWO\n
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\nOverload\n
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\nLeader Clent’s face was ever paler than usual. ‘What’s wrong?’ he demanded of Jan Garrett. ‘What have you done?’\n
\n‘Why does it have to be something I’ve done?’ Jan snapped back. ‘You’re supposed to be in charge.’\n
\n‘I am in charge,’ Clent replied in a brittle voice. ‘Don’t you ever forget it. I gave you this job to do.’\n
\n‘You gave me an impossible job I’m not trained for,’ Jan answered. Her fingers flew across the controls and her eyes flicked back and forth from the display in her visor to the readings on the computer. ‘You want me to perform miracles on a regular basis. If you want that I’m afraid you’re going to have to keep quiet and let me concentrate.’\n
\nClent saw only the insult in her words. ‘You’ll be on a charge for insubordination.’\n
\n‘Good. Maybe they’ll send me to the African temperate zone...’ she answered, ‘...if we survive.’\n
\nHer implied threat to their safety shattered his bluster. ‘What’s happening, Garrett?’ Clent demanded desperately.\n
\nJan looked from display to display. ‘The computer is still working on it.’\n
\n‘Your phase variance is out of alignment,’ an elderly but quietly authoritative voice said. Jan looked up in surprise to see a white haired old man shuffling from display to display, peering at the readings through an ancient pair of eyeglasses pinched onto his nose. ‘Result of a power fluctuation within the last half hour I should imagine.’\n
\nJan stared at the old man in surprise. ‘How could you know that?’\n
\nThe old man looked back in surprise. ‘It’s rather obvious, isn’t it?’ he answered.\n
\n‘Who the blazes are you?’ Clent demanded. ‘How did you get in here? I won’t have scavengers in here.’\n
\n‘Scavengers?’ a younger man said in outrage. For the first time Jan noticed that the old man had two companions. A handsome open-faced man in his twenties and a rather beautiful, dark haired young woman with sparkling eyes. ‘We’re not scavengers.’\n
\n‘I don’t care who you are,’ Clent said angrily. ‘Get out. Out! This is an emergency.’\n
\n‘Oh, I know,’ the old man answered earnestly. ‘In around two minutes and thirty eight seconds your reactor is going to explode.’ He nodded. ‘Quite catastrophically.’\n
\n‘Rubbish,’ Clent snapped.\n
\nJan accessed a read-out. ‘Two minutes thirty seven,’ she said. ‘You’re one second out.’\n
\n‘I do apologise,’ the old lad said politely.\n

\n‘Garrett, what can you do?’ Clent demanded.\n
\nJan shook her head. This was far beyond her experience or training. ‘I don’t know,’ she said. ‘Maybe... I don’t know...’\n
\n‘You have to stop it,’ Clent roared. ‘You must!’\n
\nJan snapped. ‘How? Tell me! How?’\n
\nClent had no answer.\n
\nThe old man tapped Jan’s arm. ‘If I might make a suggestion, my dear. You can start by reversing the polarity of the Impeller. If you do that and reduce the expulsion rate to harmonise with the Impeller...’\n
\n‘...the computer can regulate the harmonics.’\n
\nThe old man waved a hand dismissively. ‘No need for a computer. Jim can do the calculations in his head.’\n
\nJan stared at the old man. ‘Faster than the computer?’\n
\nThe old man nodded proudly. ‘Of course. My nephew has always been particularly adept in mathematics and engineering.’\n
\n‘And snogging,’ Jim added cheekily. \n
\nVanessa cuffed his arm. ‘Jim...’\n
\nThe young man moved to join his uncle at the controls. ‘What do you need?’\n
\nDr Who pointed to a stream of numbers. ‘You understand this display?’\n
\n‘Yes.’\n
\n‘Good,’ the old man clapped his hands enthusiastically. ‘You input the calculations and this young lady and I will manage the regulation.’ He turned to Jan. ‘Are you ready, my dear?’\n
\n‘I think so,’ Jan answered. \n
\n‘Very well,’ the old man said, swiping his finger across a control panel. ‘Beginning now.’\n
\nA stream of information scrawled across various screens. Jan watched it, reacting to the constantly changing data. Incredibly, the young man – Jim – was inputting calculations as quickly. They seemed to be accurate. His uncle’s adjustments were precise and neat, allowing Jan to make her own modifications. The flow of information and alterations was intense, but she saw the energy readings begin to level off.\n
\n‘It’s working,’ Jan said. ‘The power’s regulating.’ The display slid into the optimal range and settled at a healthy level. ‘It’s under control,’ Jan called. ‘It worked!’\n
\n‘Yes,’ the old man nodded amiably, ‘it did, didn’t it?’ He patted the young man affectionately on the back. ‘You see, Jim? I told you paying attention to your mathematics in school would be useful one day, didn’t I?’\n
\nThe air of relief and celebration seemed to have offended Leader Clent. ‘Who are you?’ he demanded of the newcomers.\n
\nThe old man ignored the confrontational tone in Clent’s voice. ‘I am Dr Who – some people simply call me Doctor – and this rather clever fellow is my nephew, Jim.’ He indicated for the

young woman to join them. ‘And this is, well, I think I can call you my niece by now, can’t I, Vanessa dear?’\n
\n‘That would make me very happy,’ the young woman beamed.\n
\n‘Excellent,’ the old man concluded, ‘so this is my niece, Vanessa.’ His bushy eyebrows rose curiously. ‘And you are?’\n
\n‘I am Base Leader Clent,’ the commander said.\n
\n‘Are you indeed? Well, I am very pleased to meet you.’ When Clent ignored Dr Who’s outstretched hand, he simply turned to Jan. ‘And you, my dear?’\n
\nJan took Dr Who’s hand and shook it warmly. ‘I’m Jan Garrett,’ she said, ‘currently acting as lead scientist at Caledon Base.’\n
\n‘Acting?’ Vanessa asked. ‘Why acting?’\n
\n‘Because Lead Scientist Penley is a traitor who has abandoned his post,’ Clent snapped. ‘Miss Garrett was given this position by me.’\n
\n‘Was she indeed?’ Dr Who answered.\n
\n‘Yes!’ Clent screamed. ‘She was! I’m in command!’\n
\nThe Control Room fell silent, everyone shocked and embarrassed by Clent’s outburst.\n
\nApparently aware that he had overstepped, Clent waved a hand at the door. ‘Anyway, these scavengers can get out. Put them on the next transport south.’\n
\n‘I already told you,’ Jim said sourly, ‘but in case you were too busy shouting to listen, I’ll repeat it. We’re not scavengers.’\n
\n‘I don’t care what you are,’ Clent snapped, ‘you’re leaving.’\n
\nJan spoke up. ‘Without them, this base would now be a smoking pile of rubble and the glacier would be on the move south.’ She stared straight into Clent’s eyes, challenging him. ‘Are you really going to get rid of people who are so clearly useful when we’ve already lost Penley?’ She continued before Clent could interrupt. ‘You saw how well they worked and we need a doctor.’\n
\n‘I said...’ Clent’s voice cut off abruptly and he staggered backwards. He tried to clutch at his head but his body was sluggish. Jim had to move quickly to catch the commander before he landed on the floor.\n
\n‘What’s wrong with him?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\n‘Nervous exhaustion,’ Jan answered. ‘The strain of the job is too much for him. He’s been deteriorating for weeks.’\n
\nClent groaned and started to rouse.\n
\n‘Can you take over from him?’ Jim asked.\n
\n‘Nobody’s taking over.’ Clent’s voice was heavy and sluggish. ‘Somna-chair.’\n
\n‘The what?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\nJan didn’t answer immediately. She beckoned to two technicians. ‘Take him to the Medical Lounge. Get him in the Somna-chair.’\n
\nThe two techs picked up Clent and carried him from the room, along a corridor and into a

lounge area. They set Clent down on a couch, one end of which was covered by a retractable hood. They pulled the hood over Clent's head and torso. Jan had followed the technicians with Dr Who and his party at her heels. She quickly programmed the Somna-chair. The hood glowed and the chair began to hum quietly.\n
\nDr Who was inspecting the couch with fascination. 'What an extraordinary device.'\n
\nJan nodded. 'We can't always get the sleep shifts we need here. Sometimes we have to work seventy-two or ninety-six hours non-stop. This refreshes the body and the mind.'\n
\n'So I see,' Dr Who agreed. 'It's a sort of artificial sleep,' he explained to Jim and Vanessa. 'I'm not sure that a good night's sleep will be enough to restore your friend there, though,' he told Jan.\n
\n'Unfortunately I have to agree,' Jan said sadly, 'but there's nothing I can do. We're bound by rules and Clent's in charge.'\n
\nA commotion from outside in the corridor distracted everyone in the room.\n
\n'Move it,' a man's voice was saying. 'Gently. Don't break it.'\n
\nJan frowned. 'That's Arden. Sounds like he's brought something in from the glacier again. I wonder what it is this time? Another Mammoth? Sabre-tooth, Woolly Rhino...'\n
\nVanessa frowned. 'There was a Woolly Rhino?'\n
\n'Oh yes, my dear,' Dr Who nodded enthusiastically, 'a most impressive looking beastie, isn't it, Jim?'\n
\nJim grunted sourly at the memory of a previous adventure. 'And they run fast.'\n
\nDr Who chuckled, sharing the recollection. 'You can run very fast too, when you have to, my boy.'\n
\n'Can we see it?' Vanessa asked. 'Please?'\n
\nJan glanced at the controls of the Somna-chair. 'This will have a few more minutes with him, so why not? Come on.' She led the group of newcomers out of the Medical Lounge into a corridor, at the end of which a group of men were pushing a trolley through a doorway.\n
\n'Arden,' she called to one of the men. 'What have you found this time?'\n
\n'Come and see for yourself,' Arden called back.\n
\nThey followed Arden through into a large room which appeared to act as a general store room and also housed any experiments or equipment too large for the regular laboratories.\n
\n'So what is it?' Jan asked Arden.\n
\nThe scientist started peeling off his thermal outer clothing. 'Take a look,' he said. \n
\n'It's too small to be a rhino,' Jim said.\n
\nVanessa looked disappointed. 'Oh.'\n
\n'I say!' Dr Who exclaimed. 'Two arms, two legs, a torso...'\n
\n'What?' Jan led the rest to join the old scientist. 'Are you saying it's a man?'\n
\n'It's the shape of one,' Arden said. He was positively hopping with excitement. 'And he's a big fellow, too.'\n

\n‘Considerably over seven feet,’ Dr Who nodded, ‘although how much of that is his helmet, I can’t say.’\n
\nJan squinted at the ice. ‘Helmet?’\n
\nArden ignored Jan and looked across at Dr Who, clearly recognising a kindred inquisitive spirit. ‘What would you say? A Viking burial?’\n
\nDr Who rubbed his chin thoughtfully. ‘Quite possibly,’ he murmured, ‘but I always find it dangerous to make that kind of statement without more information.’\n
\nArden clapped his hands together. ‘A man who likes facts! Excellent.’ He tapped the ice. ‘I think we should get some facts about this chap, don’t you?’\n
\n‘Oh, undoubtedly,’ Dr Who agreed, every bit as excited as Arden, ‘but he must be examined carefully, not exposed to the atmosphere outside of a controlled sterile environment.’\n
\n‘I was planning to set up a mobile plastic tent,’ Arden agreed, ‘and then use microbots to shave away the ice until it’s thin enough that we can get a proper look at him. I’ll keep the temperature a few degrees below freezing.’\n
\n‘That sounds capital,’ Dr Who said, rubbing his hands together enthusiastically. ‘Yes, that should do the trick.’\n
\nVanessa had taken a step closer and was staring into the ice. ‘I don’t like it,’ she said quietly. ‘It’s... unsettling.’\n
\nArden attached four small boxes at the corners of the block of ice. ‘Don’t worry. This chap’s got going anywhere. He’s been in the Land of Nod for thousands of years. Which means I probably should leave a covering of at least eight centimetres on him, just to be sure there aren’t any ancient bacteria lurking on him. Eight centimetres will keep them covered.’ He adjusted one of the machines and all four began to buzz and move across the frozen block, sending miniscule icy chips to the floor.\n
\n‘How long will it take?’ Dr Who asked, his face full of a child-like curiosity.\n
\n‘Three or four hours,’ Arden replied. ‘He’s a big lad.’\n
\n‘Yes, he is,’ Dr Who agreed cheerfully. ‘Unusual for one from the distant past.’\n
\n‘True,’ Arden agreed, ‘but that may be why he has been preserved so intact. If his body was protected by a burial chamber...’\n
\n‘Very possible,’ Dr Who agreed, following Arden to the door. The others traipsed along behind them. ‘You must tell me of your other discoveries,’ the old scientist continued.\n
\n‘Happily,’ Arden agreed.\n
\nJan Garrett interrupted, ‘After he has done his work, Doctor.’\n
\nArden shrugged sheepishly. ‘All right. After I get my reports in.’ He winked at the older man. ‘I’ll meet you and your friends later and tell you all the gossip about this place, as well as the discoveries we’ve made here.’\n
\nDr Who beamed. ‘How enormously kind of you.’\n
\nJan took the old man’s arm. ‘We need to do some work, too.’\n

\n‘Not so fast,’ a gruff Scottish voice interrupted.\n
\nLeader Clent stood in the doorway. He looked slightly – and only slightly – better than he had when he had collapsed.\n
\n‘Clent, are you all right?’ Jan asked.\n
\nThe Base Leader brushed her concerns aside. ‘I’m fine.’ He looked at Dr Who. ‘But I’ve been thinking about this one here. We may have been hasty in saying he’d be useful.’\n
\n‘He stopped the whole place from going up in smoke,’ Jan argued irritably. ‘I’d say that was useful.’\n
\n‘Or he got lucky,’ Clent countered. ‘We’ll let the computer decide.’\n
\n‘The computer?’ Jan answered incredulously. ‘He already proved he was faster than the computer.’\n
\n‘The computer, that’s what I said,’ Clent snapped. ‘We’ll do it now.’\n
\nJan shook her head and stared angrily at Clent’s receding back. ‘He’s as useless as ever,’ she muttered, ‘and as obstinate.’ She pointed at a swing door and turned to Jim and Vanessa. ‘This is the Relaxation Lounge. You two can wait in here. Help yourself to refreshments.’ She put a hand on Dr Who’s arm. ‘And we will go and face the computer.’\n
\nDr Who ushered his young companions into the lounge. ‘On you go,’ he said. Once Jim and Vanessa had disappeared through the door he turned to Jan. ‘So, I’m facing the computer, am I?’ He chivalrously indicated that Jan should lead the way. ‘After you, my dear.’\n
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\nThe Relaxation Lounge was by far the most comfortable room Vanessa and Jim had seen since entering the castle. \n
\n‘This is more like it,’ Jim said, handing a freshly poured cup of tea to Vanessa. He tried taking off his jacket and then shivered and pulled it back on. ‘I’d keep your coat on for a minute and let the place warm up.’ He looked at the inviting couches which littered the room, most of them facing large screens. ‘It’s like having the pictures at work.’ He nodded at a couch and waggled his eyebrows. ‘Want to go see a film?’\n
\nVanessa’s eyebrows lifted affectionately. ‘I know what happens when I go to see a film with you. I always wind up having to go back with Louise to actually see what happens.’\n
\n‘It’s not my fault I’m irresistible,’ Jim chuckled back. He sank onto one of the couches. ‘You know, we might actually be able to work out when we are.’\n
\nVanessa sat beside him. ‘As long as that’s all we do,’ she answered primly.\n
\nJim wrinkled his nose. ‘Spoilsport.’\n
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\nIn the large store room, the little microbots continued about their business, each of them patrolling a pre-set area, shaving the ice away delicately enough that nothing beneath it was disturbed.\n
\nQuickly and efficiently, the microbots shaved centimetre after centimetre away from the ice

covering the giant in the frozen block.\n
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\nA few miles away Penley and Storrie had emerged from their lair into the snow again. They had found a comfortable house which was encased in the ice but protected from the advances of the glacier by a natural rise covering what had once been a volcanic plug. The house was luxurious and had its own generator, which meant they even had a limited amount of power for light and heat. Food, on the other hand, was scarce. They went out every day on scavenging trips, looking for shops which still had packaged food on their shelves or winter clothes they could use. Initially they took only what they needed to get through the immediate few days but as time passed, they took more food, stocking up in case their shops were found by other scavengers or in case the weather turned particularly wild.\n
\nA few days earlier Penley had discovered a shop which proved to be a goldmine. It was untouched by looters or scavengers. It was a hard shift, filling a shopping trolley Penley had fitted with skis, and then taking their provisions back home before heading out on another trip. The plan had been two trips a day but Storrie was terrified that someone else would stumble across their shop and had insisted on another scavenging trip. \n
\nThey were just pushing the trolley out into the wide plain of what had once been a bustling street when Penley heard the growl.\n
\n‘What’s that?’ Storrie asked.\n
\nPenley looked around, trying to locate the source of the growling. If they could both hear the animal it had to be close. ‘I’m not sure,’ he admitted. ‘Something that escaped from the zoo, perhaps.’ His eyes peered worriedly into the falling snow. ‘Or maybe something that crossed the ice from Scandinavia or further north. There’s been talk of polar bears being sighted at the observation posts on the north coast.’\n
\n‘I don’t care about that,’ Storrie answered. ‘I just want to get back home safe. We should...’ A horrific scream ended his words.\n
\nPenley turned to see Storrie pinned under the great weight of a tiger. The little man was pushing against the powerful cat’s head, desperately trying to keep its teeth from his throat.\n
\nThe former scientist unslung his rifle and fired over the tiger’s head. It turned and glared at him with angry eyes. He slammed a second shot into a lamp-post near the tiger’s head. It turned back to Storrie, ready to deliver the kill.\n
\nPenley took aim again and squeezed the trigger.\n
\nThe tigers howled as the bullet clipped its muscular shoulder. The cat turned and fled into the snow.\n
\nPenley shouldered his rifle and ran to Storrie’s side. ‘Are you all right?’\n
\nThe smaller man didn’t answer. His face was twisted with pain and he wore a mixture of his own blood and the tiger’s. \n
\nA quick examination showed that the tiger’s claws had done some damage but it was more

likely that the impact of its weight on Storrie would be more of a problem. He certainly had a broken arm and broken ribs, and Penley suspected that there might be damage to the man’s lungs as well. If his suspicions were right, Storrie was far beyond his ability to cure and he would have no choice but to take the miserable little man to the Castle, where he would be branded a scavenger and dragged off to a sanitised, antiseptic relocation camp, where the little Scot would wither and die. Penley himself would face no better a fate, either sent to the relocation camp with Storrie or worse, kept at the Castle where Clent would lord it over him while failing to hold back the glacier.\n
\nStorrie moaned.\n
\nPenley pushed his worries to the side. The first thing was to get Storrie home so that he could assess the Scot’s injuries properly. \n
\nHe heaved the little man up onto the trolley, resting him on top of the piles of supplies and began pulling him towards home.\n

\nCHAPTER THREE\n
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\nThe Ice Wakes\n
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\nThe treatment in the Somna-chair had recovered much of Leader Clent’s nervous energy and sense of authority but it hadn’t improved his mood.\n
\nHe was still as out of his depth, and as angry at everyone for knowing it, as he had been earlier. He seemed to have roused with less faith in Dr Who and his companions, too.\n
\n‘The computer will decide if you stay or not,’ Clent said by way of greeting, as Jan brought the old scientist into the Control Room. \n
\nDr Who didn’t seem at all put out. ‘The computer will decide, will it?’ he said mildly. ‘I don’t believe I’ve really had the pleasure of being introduced to it.’\n
\nClent glared at him sharply. ‘We don’t need a comedian.’\n
\n‘But we do need a scientist,’ Jan argued. ‘Can you help us, Doctor?’\n
\nClent didn’t give the old man a chance to answer. ‘That’s for the computer to decide.’\n
\n‘And why is that?’ Dr Who asked mildly.\n
\n‘What?’ Clent asked, bemused. ‘Why is what?’\n
\nDr Who wafted a hand at the computers around the Control Room. ‘Why is it for the computers to decide when you each have a perfectly good brain, and the human brain is an infinitely more complex and subtle computer than anything yet manufactured?’\n
\nJan could have kissed the old fellow. For years she had complained against the reliance on computers.\n
\nClent looked like he just wanted to kill the old scientist. ‘Because computers don’t make mistakes,’ Clent said coldly. ‘They are reliable and they never fail.’\n
\n‘Really?’ Dr Who didn’t even try to sound like he took Clent seriously. ‘They never fail, eh? I think people in the 1990s and 2000s would disagree. And unless I am very much mistaken your precious computer was failing when I arrived.’\n
\n‘Will you take the test or not?’ Clent snapped. He sounded alarmingly close to breaking again.\n
\nDr Who nodded amiably. ‘If you wish. Now what would you like me to do?’\n
\n‘Sit,’ Clent said, as if he was talking to a dog. \n
\n‘Here?’ Dr Who raised a bushy eyebrow in a show of mild irritation, but sat at a computer terminal.\n
\n‘That’s fine,’ Clent answered. ‘You will be set a problem which you will have forty-five seconds to solve. If you solve it within that time you can stay. If you don’t, you’re on the next transport out of here with the rest of the scavengers.’\n
\n‘I do wish you wouldn’t use that word,’ Dr Who muttered, ‘it sounds thoroughly insulting.’\n

\n‘You have more to worry about than my choice of words, I assure you,’ Clent said sharply. He picked up a small flat computer screen and tapped instructions onto the touch sensitive screen. ‘Your time begins now.’\n
\nText began to scroll across the screen in front of Dr Who. He began patting his pockets. ‘Now where did I put my glasses? I had them a few moment ago.’\n
\n‘That’s not fair,’ Jan protested. ‘He wasn’t ready.’\n
\n‘Emergencies don’t wait till we’re ready,’ Clent sneered in reply. ‘If he can’t cope he shouldn’t be here.’\n
\nDr Who had found his ancient-looking pince nez and perched them on his nose. ‘There we are. Now, what does this say? Hmm?’ His eyes scanned the text. ‘How fascinating. That is a tricky situation.’\n
\n‘But what would you do?’ Clent demanded. ‘Thirty seconds left.’\n
\n‘Do I type my answer?’ Dr Who asked genially.\n
\n‘Of course!’ Clent snapped.\n
\nJan leaned forward helpfully. ‘You need to input it into the...’\n
\nDr Who waved her away gently. ‘Yes, yes, my dear, I think I can work it out.’ His fingers tapped on the keyboard.\n
\nThe smug expression began to fade from Clent’s face as he looked at the screen. ‘That’s impossible.’\n
\n‘Not at all,’ Dr Who answered. ‘It’s simply a matter of balance in the equations, you see.’\n
\n‘Is it?’ Clent’s fingers danced across his handheld computer’s touch screen. ‘Is it indeed?’\n
\nJan stared at the changing read-out on Dr Who’s monitor. ‘That’s not fair. You’ve changed the parameters halfway through.’\n
\n‘Our work is unpredictable,’ Clent answered, sharply. ‘Things change quickly. Ten seconds.’\n
\n‘The world is never predictable, is it?’ Dr Who said in a calm voice. He quickly tapped a few keys and punched INPUT. ‘There, I think that should do the trick.’ \n
\n‘Time up,’ Jan said.\n
\nDr Who nodded. ‘And while I was at it, I increased power on your system by just over sixty-two percent and offered a suggestion on moderating atmospheric gases.’\n
\n‘It’s impossible.’ Clent stared at his computer. ‘It’s just impossible.’\n
\n‘Not at all,’ Dr Who said jovially. ‘It’s just a matter of application.’\n
\n‘Miss Garrett, run that all through the computer,’ Clent ordered.\n
\n‘I already did,’ Jan answered.\n
\n‘And?’\n
\n‘Still working,’ Jan answered.\n
\n‘It can’t be.’\n
\nJan looked sharply at Clent. ‘Well, it can be and it is. Look at your own read-out.’\n
\nClent stared at his screen. ‘Impossible.’\n

\nJan watched the display change. ‘There,’ she said, ‘that’s the solution in... exactly as the Doctor predicted... only the computer took almost twice as long to calculate the equations and didn’t come up with the original solution in the first place.’ Jan gave Clent a grin. ‘I’d say that proves his worth.’\n
\nClent was still staring at the data flowing across his screen. ‘But this is remarkable,’ he breathed, ‘impossible, remarkable...’\n
\n‘And he can stay?’\n
\nClent’s eyes jerked towards Jan in annoyance. ‘Of course he can. Assuming the computer agrees, of course.’\n
\nJan shook her head. ‘He’s just out-thought your precious computer and you still rely on it for judgement?’\n
\n‘That is my decision!’ Clent had snapped to his feet. ‘Computer, analysis on newcomer known as Doctor or Dr Who for usefulness in work here. Begin.’\n
\nA mechanised voice responded. ‘No-one using the name Dr Who is recorded for this area in this time. Observations of the individual within Control Room since arrival inside Caledon Base shows exceptional, genius-level IQ, high understanding of multiple scientific disciplines, mental agility surpassing most human capability and a creative, problem-solving mind.’\n
\n‘Thank you very much,’ Dr Who smiled happily. \n
\nThe computer continued, ‘Negatives for this candidate include a lack of discipline and an unwillingness to follow orders or respect the chain of command.’\n
\nClent snorted. ‘Really?’\n
\n‘Exceptional intelligence outweighs potential disciplinary difficulties,’ the computer droned. ‘Finding is that Dr Who is fit for work purposes and his knowledge is vital for success.’\n
\n‘What a charming machine,’ Dr Who beamed.\n
\n‘So?’ Jan asked Clent.\n
\nClent humphed. ‘Very well, he can stay, as long as he understands that I am in command here.’\n
\nJan looked at Clent sourly. ‘You could tell him yourself. He’s closer to you than I am.’\n
\n‘Don’t push me, Miss Garrett,’ Clent said coldly. ‘Now you’ve forced me to bring this Doctor on board I have much less need of you.’\n
\n‘Are you threatening to send me to Africa?’ Jan laughed. ‘I’m not that lucky.’ She patted Dr Who on the shoulder. ‘Welcome to Caledon Base, Doctor,’ she said. ‘All we do here is perform miracles and save the world on a daily basis.’\n
\nVanessa and Jim were snuggled together on a couch in front of one of the screens in the Relaxation Room. They had been watching news footage pertaining to the coming of the new ice age. Vanessa hadn’t understood much of the science and Jim had explained a good deal of it, though he admitted a lot of it was beyond him, too. After a while, he had grown quiet and his exertions in facing the Daleks had caught up with him. Jim’s eyes closed and he drifted into a

peaceful sleep. Vanessa was resolute that she would not fall asleep. She was going to stay awake and watch more news reports.\n
\nTwo minutes later her head lolled against Jim's and she joined him in sleep.\n
\n \n
\nIt had taken a near superhuman effort from Penley to drag the trolley bearing Storrie and all of the supplies to the ice cave leading to their adopted home. He had deposited the complaining little man onto a couch in the living room area and given him the strongest pain medication they had.\n
\nStorrie had still groaned in complaint as Penley had examined him.\n
\n'I can't be sure,' Penley said. 'I think your ribs are broken but I can't tell without the proper equipment. Your arm is definitely broken.'\n
\n'Proper equipment?' Storrie hadn't liked the sound of that.\n
\n'Portable x-ray machine,' Penley answered. 'That sort of thing.'\n
\n'No,' Storrie was adamant. 'It's scientists like you and your damned machines that brought this disaster on the world. I'll not have one of those machines in this house.'\n
\nPenley had finally had enough of Storrie's complaining. 'Oh, for heaven's sake!' he exploded. 'What do you think keeps you warm or gives us light here? What do you think cooks the food or locks the doors? What do you think recycles the air?'\n
\n'Well, that's different,' Storrie whined defensively.\n
\nPenley hadn't been willing to let it go. 'I'll tell you what's different,' he snapped, 'I think you have broken ribs and a broken arm. The arm will heal but I think your ribs have damaged your lungs and if I'm right, that means your lungs are going to fill up with blood. You'll die unless you're treated and the only way I can know if I'm right is if I use technology to find out! It's up to you. Do you want to live or die?'\n
\nStorrie had whimpered and finally given in. 'All right, but only medical equipment. None of your scientific muck.'\n
\nPenley had set out for Caledon Base immediately. The snow had grown heavier in the few minutes since they had returned to the house. Penley worked out his course of action as he trudged through the snow. He knew exactly which pieces of equipment and which medical supplies he would need both to get the diagnosis and then treat Storrie once he knew for sure that was wrong with his companion. He also knew that Leader Clent wouldn't let him have any of those supplies. Well, that was fine with Penley. He just wasn't going to bother asking for them. He would take the supplies and if Clent didn't like it, that was too bad for him. Saving a man's life was far more important.\n
\nLife was what mattered.\n
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\nA few miles away, in a quiet storage room, four microbots were just finishing their work on a

huge block of ice. They had been quick and efficient, shaving away ice that had been frozen in place for thousands of years.\n
\nBeneath the remaining covering of ice, the huge figure was much easier to see.\n
\nYawning after a far-too-short sleep, Arden entered the room and crossed to the ice block, impressed by the work of the little robots.\n
\nHe stopped and stared at the huge ice-bound figure in shock. He backed away in horror but stopped as a detail in the ice caught his attention. He stared for a long moment and then turned and ran.\n
\n \n
\nJan Garrett was at the end of her tether. \n
\nShe had decided that whatever the repercussions, she was going to make a formal complaint about Clent and insist on a study of his mental fitness for the job. At least they called it a “study”. More accurately it would have been termed a psychiatric examination. He would be evaluated and then a decision would be made about his mental condition. It didn’t matter if he was found capable or not. The investigation would be enough to end his career.\n
\nAnd it would end Jan’s own career with it.\n
\nIt was a small price to pay if it saved billions of lives.\n
\nAt the terminal to her side, the man who had introduced himself as Dr Who, but who she had input into the computer as ‘Doctor’ and ‘the Doctor’ to avoid explaining an unusual name, was proving invaluable. He had already come up with a dozen suggestions for improving their machinery’s efficiency.\n
\nClent, of course, had sneered at them all. At least until the computer had confirmed that the suggestions should all be adopted.\n
\nFor his part, the old man seemed happy to pitch in and throw himself into the work. She got the feeling that he was sucking in all the information he could. After working with Clent for so long it was a pleasure to meet someone with such an open mind.\n
\nThey all looked up in alarm as the door crashed open. Arden was staring at them. ‘You have to come,’ he gasped.\n
\n‘What’s the meaning of this, Arden?’ Clent snapped. ‘I will have discipline in this base.’\n
\n‘Fire me later,’ Arden shouted. He beckoned for them all to follow him. ‘The man in the ice... it’s... You have to see for yourselves. Hurry.’\n
\nDr Who and Jan were already on their feet hurrying for the door. Clent called after them but they were already running along behind an agitated Arden. \n
\nJan didn’t look back. She knew from the footsteps that Clent was following them. It was remarkable that even his footsteps irritated her now.\n
\nArden led them into the store room. Jan was surprised that for all his age, the Doctor had easily outpaced her in the run along the corridor. He held the door open for her to enter.\n
\n‘After you, my dear,’ he said chivalrously.\n

\nJan hurried in and dragged the old man after her, leaving the door to close in Clent's face. He pushed the door open and followed them through with an angry flush creeping up his face.\n
\n'All right, Arden,' Clent snarled. 'What's got you so excited?'\n
\n'This.' Arden was already standing by the block of ice, pointing at the figure inside. 'Look at it.'\n
\nClent gave the ice a cursory glance. 'What of it?'\n
\n'I say,' Dr Who said in surprise. 'Well, 'pon my soul?'\n
\n'What?' Clent snapped.\n
\nThe old man ignored him and looked at Arden. 'I see what you mean, Mr Arden. Most fascinating.'\n
\n'What is it?' Jan asked, intrigued.\n
\nDr Who stepped aside and invited her to take a closer look. 'See for yourself, my dear.'\n
\nJan moved closer, looking into the block. The frozen ice made it difficult to see clearly but the huge figure inside seemed to be heavily covered. 'Is that armour?' she asked. Her eyes trailed up the ice. 'And is that a helmet?'\n
\n'Oh, yes, it's definitely a helmet,' Dr Who agreed, 'but look closer at it.'\n
\nJan peered closer. The armour looked green, so did the helmet. Some colouring from the armour must have bled into the man's skin because that seemed to have a green hue as well. She wondered if that meant the body had sat for a time before it became frozen. That could mean it would have millennia-old disease in its... She froze. \n
\n'The helmet,' Jan breathed. 'That's impossible.'\n
\n'What is?' Clent asked irritably. \n
\nDr Who answered. 'It would seem that there is some kind of advanced electronic connection attached to this fellow's helmet.'\n
\n'Nonsense,' Clent snapped.\n
\n'He's right,' Arden said. 'That was what I came to tell you. That's definitely complex circuitry in there.'\n
\n'Rubbish!'\n
\nDr Who ignored Clent. 'Tell me,' he said to Arden, 'just how old is the ice in this glacier?'\n
\n'I haven't done tests,' Arden replied, 'but the evidence says at that depth about thirty thousand...' he choked off, his throat suddenly dry. 'Thirty thousand years.'\n
\n'Remarkable.' Dr Who rubbed his hands together in glee. 'Quite remarkable.'\n
\n'And quite absurd,' Clent said. 'He's just a poor soul who got trapped in the ice.'\n
\n'Thirty thousand years ago?' Arden didn't try to hide his disdain for Clent.\n
\n'More recently,' Clent answered obstinately. 'A freak warm spell melted the ice, he fell in and was trapped when it froze again.'\n
\n'Except that this ice hasn't melted in the past thirty millennia,' Arden answered. 'The samples prove it beyond doubt.'\n

\nClent couldn’t find any kind of argument. Instead he spun and walked away. ‘Get back to work and then ship this out on the next transport. It’s somebody else’s problem. We have too much to do already.’\n
\nArden stared after the leader in shock. ‘You want us to just send this away and forget about it? You can’t be serious, man.’\n
\n‘It’s my decision,’ Clent snipped out coolly. To emphasise his point he turned the lights to low. ‘Now back to work.’\n
\nArden stomped towards the door. ‘I’ll be lodging a complaint about this, Clent.’\n
\nClent stared back coldly. ‘Will you?’\n
\n‘And I’ll back him,’ Jan said. \n
\nClent stood unnaturally still, and stared at his subordinates with an icy fury. ‘Back to work,’ he said slowly. ‘Now. And you can make your complaints on your own time. We’re too busy to waste work time on this foolishness.’\n
\nWith that, Clent turned and left, the door swinging closed behind him.\n
\n‘You know,’ Dr Who said quietly, ‘I do believe that poor fellow would benefit from a rather lengthy rest.’\n
\n‘I believe you’re right,’ Jan nodded.\n
\nArden turned to Jan. ‘Were you serious? About backing my complaint?’\n
\nJan nodded again. ‘Of course.’\n
\nArden drew a deep breath. ‘Then can we talk? After our shift finishes, can we talk about that complaint?’\n
\n‘Yes,’ Jan agreed. ‘Straight after our shift finishes?’\n
\n‘I’ll see you then,’ Arden confirmed grimly. He turned and followed Clent out of the room.\n
\n‘My dear,’ Dr Who said quietly to Jan, ‘you do know that what you are doing could easily be considered mutiny?’\n
\nJan gave the question a moment’s thought. ‘Do you think he’s capable of running this base?’ she asked finally.\n
\n‘No,’ Dr Who answered, ‘by no means, but the fact remains that he actually technically is in command, and experience has taught me that there is a reluctance to deal with even the most incompetent of managers if it means the people who appointed him accepting that they made a mistake.’\n
\nJan gave the old man an exasperated look. ‘I know,’ she sighed, ‘but that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t let everybody know how useless he is and how dangerous he is to the work we’re doing.’\n
\nDr Who patted her arm encouragingly. ‘Quite right, my dear. Quite right.’ Dr Who held the door open and ushered Jan through. ‘Shall we?’\n
\nThe door swung closed behind them, leaving the store room silent and in near darkness. Everything was still for a few minutes until the quiet was broken by a dull cracking sound.\n

\nThe ice around the giant figure had shattered.\n

\nCHAPTER FOUR\n
\n \n
\nPrisoner of the Warrior\n
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\nThe blizzard had grown steadily worse as Penley had trudged through the frozen city towards the dome. The upper floors of shops and hotels, still protruding from the years of accumulated snow and ice, had disappeared from view as the snowfall grew heavier.\n
\nDespite the thermal pads inside his severe weather clothing radiating heat back towards his body, Penley still felt the cold biting hard, particularly at his arms and legs. His face also stung where his goggles met the thermal hood.\n
\nSquaring his shoulders, Penley pushed on towards the dome.\n
\n \n
\nVanessa had drifted into a delightful doze. She and Jim were still settled on a couch in front of the large screen. With no-one else in the room to be outraged by such indecent intimacy, they had snuggled closer together. Comfortable and content, she had smiled as Jim’s breathing had become deep and regular. It was just like being at home when he fell asleep in front of the TV. She felt her own eyes becoming heavy and she stifled a yawn. Even when one wasn’t in company, a lady didn’t yawn in public. A few minutes later, she had succumbed to the impulse to doze and her head lolled against Jim’s. She felt content.\n
\nThe slam of a door crashing open startled Vanessa awake. Her initial reaction was to push herself away from the waking Jim in case they were accused of being improper. She was still, after all, at heart a young lady from the year 1912.\n
\nVanessa spun to see who had entered the room.\n
\nHer mouth went dry.\n
\n‘Vanessa, get behind me,’ Jim said quietly. He caught her arm and eased her around behind his shoulder.\n
\nFacing them was the figure who had been entombed in the ice. It stood almost eight feet tall and was entirely green. Its body was encased in a rigid sort of shell which managed to somehow look both organic and metallic. Its arms and legs were covered with the same material. Odd tufts of rough-looking fur sprouted at the elbows, shoulders, hips and neck. Now they could see it clearly, the helmet was definitely made from that material as well. For the first time they saw its hand, or at least the powerful metallic clamps at the end of the arms, and which were in the place of hands. The only part of the creature which looked purely organic was the mouth, which was also green and had a cracked, reptilian appearance. \n
\nIt was a huge, powerful and terrifying sight.\n
\n‘Who are you?’ Jim demanded. ‘What do you want?’\n
\nThe giant lumbered towards them. Its breathing sounded wet and lizard-like. It pushed a desk

aside and then a couch. Jim backed away, keeping Vanessa behind him.\n
\n‘Stay back,’ he said. ‘We can talk, work everything out, maybe we can help you...’\n
\nThey backed away around another table, trying to circle towards the door.\n
\nThere was no answer. The creature kept moving forward. It threw the table aside effortlessly.\n
\nJim gripped Vanessa’s hand and yanked her towards the door.\n
\nThe creature lifted its arm. The air seemed to pulse in front of Jim for an instant before it exploded in an invisible burst of energy. The wave of energy caught Jim squarely and sent him sprawling backwards.\n
\n‘Jim!’ Vanessa screamed. She tried to run to him but the creature moved with remarkable speed, closing its clamp of a hand around her wrist, yanking her backwards.\n
\nShe turned in terror, looking up into the emotionless face.\n
\nThe creature breathed. Its breath stank, sick and almost oily. It made her gag.\n
\nThe monster leaned over her. ‘Sssssss.’\n
\n \n
\nArden had gone back to his duties, carefully exposing the ice samples to every kind of test and examination he could with the equipment at the Castle. There was no doubt in his mind that the ice surrounding the mysterious giant was just over thirty-two thousand years old. \n
\nThirty-two thousand years.\n
\nIt was impossible.\n
\nIt was utterly mad and impossible.\n
\nAnd it was wonderful.\n
\nIt was a mystery and as a scientist, Arden loved a mystery.\n
\nHis work complete, Arden headed back to the store room to see if he could find any further clues about the giant’s origins.\n
\nThe store room was as dark as it had been when he had left a few hours earlier, but somehow he knew something was different.\n
\nSomething was wrong.\n
\nIt took him a moment to realise that there was ice crunching under his feet. \n
\nFlipping on the light, Arden’s jaw dropped. The last few centimetres of ice that had covered the giant were scattered across the floor.\n
\nOf the giant itself, there was no sign.\n
\nArden turned and ran for the Control Room.\n
\n \n
\nClent looked up from his workstation in anger as Arden crashed through the door. ‘What’s the meaning of...’\n
\nArden ignored Clent. ‘It’s gone,’ he said. ‘The ice is all over floor but he’s gone.’\n
\n‘Who has?’ Jan said, clearly confused, but then she realised what Arden was saying. ‘That man in the ice?’\n

\nArden nodded. ‘He’s not in the ice anymore.’\n
\n‘Nonsense,’ Clent said, but nobody was listening. They were all running for the door. Clent cursed quietly and hurried after them.\n
\nThe store room was exactly as Arden had described. A layer of ice covered the floor and the giant was gone. Jan flipped on all of the lights, filling the entire room with illumination. There was no way the giant was in the shadows.\n
\n‘You’re right,’ Dr Who said, kneeling to examine the shattered hunks of ice. ‘He’s not here.’\n
\n‘Someone must have broken the ice to get him out,’ Clent said. ‘There’ll be trouble when I find out who it was. That man is the property of...’\n
\nDr Who interrupted in a gentle but insistent voice. ‘I’m afraid nobody broke him out,’ the old man said, holding up a lump of ice. \n
\nJane leaned closer to look at the ice. ‘What do you mean?’\n
\n‘The ice,’ Dr Who said. ‘The markings clearly show that the stress to break it came from inside of the ice.’\n
\n‘That makes no sense,’ Clent snorted.\n
\n‘No?’ Dr Who said, accepting Jan’s arm to pull himself up to his feet. He pointed at footprints in the shattered ice. They were far larger and wider than a normal human foot. ‘Then can you explain these footprints? Hmm?’\n
\nClent had no answer.\n
\nJan understood, though. ‘He’s alive,’ she said in disbelief. ‘He broke himself out of the ice.’\n
\n‘How can he be alive?’ Arden demanded. ‘I ran the tests. He’d been in the ice for over thirty thousand years. There’s no doubt about it.’\n
\n‘Then he can’t be alive,’ Clent said dismissively. ‘Nothing can survive being frozen in ice. Especially for thirty thousand years. It’s absurd!’\n
\n‘I know!’ Jan snapped. ‘But Arden knows more about surveying ice than anybody – probably in the world – and the Doctor is right. This ice was broken from inside.’\n
\n‘And he had electronics in his helmet,’ Arden said. ‘Complex electronics.’\n
\nJan nodded, following Arden’s train of thought. ‘The height and that green skin... we thought it was just discolouration...’\n
\n‘No,’ Dr Who said firmly, saying what the two scientists had been thinking. ‘The pulverisation of the ice, showing this fellow’s weight as well as height, the electronics in the helmet, the revitalization after three hundred centuries in the ice... There is no doubt that this giant is not of our Earth.’\n
\n‘Not from Earth?’ Clent said, bewildered. ‘You mean an alien?’\n
\nDr Who’s lips pursed for a moment as if he were sucking on a sweet. ‘Rather a pejorative term,’ he said, ‘but essentially, yes.’\n
\n‘But that’s absurd.’\n
\n‘Why?’ Jan asked Clent. ‘Everybody knows there’s alien life out there. The Daleks invaded

centuries ago.’\n
\nAgain Clent had no answer. He stared at the footprints and the shattered ice. ‘And this... creature predates that invasion by...’\n
\n‘Tens of thousands of years,’ Dr Who confirmed. ‘It must be an extraordinarily advanced species to be able to revitalise itself after so long.’\n
\nArden rubbed his chin thoughtfully. ‘I wonder if the electronics in the helmet had something to do with it. Suspended animation control? Something like that?’\n
\n‘I say we ask it when we find it,’ Jan said. ‘It’s wandering around the Castle and we have no idea if it’s confused, belligerent or what.’\n
\n‘Or simply bewildered and peaceful,’ Dr Who suggested.\n
\n‘That’s possible, too,’ Jan agreed.\n
\nThey all turned as the doors clattered open. Jim staggered in, bleeding heavily from a wound in his head. ‘It’s got Vanessa,’ he choked out. ‘That thing’s taken Vanessa.’\n
\nExhausted from his efforts, Jim’s knees buckled.\n
\nAfter being grabbed by the green monster, Vanessa had been dragged into the corridor. The creature had spent a moment considering its options before dragging Vanessa along a side corridor and into a small room. It had once been an office, but was now obviously not being used for anything except bits of storage.\n
\nThe creature’s forearm had some kind of equipment built in to it, and as it put the arm close to a computer terminal a connection extended from the raised area and slid into the computer. \n
\nDespite her fear, Vanessa found herself growing angry that this creature had made no attempt to communicate and she found her own voice. ‘What do you want with us?’ she demanded. ‘Why did you attack Jim?’\n
\nPictures and information appeared on a computer monitor but the creature said nothing.\n
\n‘Tell me,’ Vanessa snapped. ‘What do you want?’\n
\nThe creature’s great head turned towards her. ‘You will be ssssilent,’ it hissed in an oily, sibilant voice. ‘You will be ssilent or you will die.’\n
\nAbruptly the computer terminal went dead. The creature hissed with anger. ‘Ssecurity protocolsss have closed down unauthorised computersss... but I have learned enough.’ It turned to Vanessa. ‘You know how to get out of thisss place?’\n
\nVanessa nodded. She would simply reverse the route they had taken coming into the Castle. ‘Yes.’\n
\nThe giant yanked her towards the door. ‘You will show me.’\n
\nVanessa struggled vainly against the remorselessly powerful clamp that gripped her wrist. ‘And then you’ll let me go?’\n
\n‘You will show me,’ the giant repeated.\n
\nIt threw the door open and dragged Vanessa into the short corridor beyond.\n
\nThey were almost at the end of the main corridor when two soldiers appeared around the

corner. They stared at the green giant for a moment in shock before recovering their composure. They unslung their weapons and raised them to fire.\n
\n‘No,’ Vanessa screamed. ‘Don’t antagonise it.’\n
\nShe was too late. The creature extended the same wrist weapon it had used to attack Jim and the same pulsing sound filled the air. The two soldiers dropped, dead. As one died, the muscles in his hand contracted and he released a short burst of fire from his gun.\n
\nVanessa pulled desperately at the clamp holding her wrist. ‘You killed them! You didn’t have to kill them!’\n
\nThe monster – and she could think of no better word for it now than that – ignored her complaints and dragged Vanessa along the corridor towards the dead men.\n
\n‘Which way?’ it hissed. Vanessa didn’t answer and the creature jerked hard on her arm. ‘Which way?’\n
\nIt felt as if the yank on her arm had almost ripped it from her shoulder. Vanessa screwed her eyes tightly shut. She would not cry. Not because of this monster. She gritted her teeth. ‘Along this corridor and then turn right.’\n
\nThe monster pulled her along the corridor. She had to open her eyes to avoid tripping over the dead men. The last thing Vanessa saw before being pulled around the corner at the end of the corridor were the lifeless, staring eyes of the dead soldiers, their faces frozen in their final agonies. \n
\nThe monster slammed its free arm against the wooden door at the end of the passage, and dragged Vanessa out onto the stone courtyard beyond. In the distance, she could see the exit from the dome.\n
\n‘You said you’d let me go,’ Vanessa protested.\n
\nThe creature lumbered on heavily, dragging Vanessa behind it. ‘Move quickly.’\n
\n \n
\nPenley had reached the entrance to the dome when he saw the hatch open. He slid into hiding behind an odd blue crate to let whoever was coming out pass. \n
\nHe stared in shock at the giant green figure which lumbered past, dragging a rather beautiful young woman behind it. Though it was roughly the shape of a man it was obviously not human.\n
\nNot human?\n
\nThat was insane. Wasn’t it? On the other hand, how could a scientist deny the evidence of his own eyes?\n
\nPenley was torn. The girl was clearly not accompanying the monster by choice but equally clear was the fact that the creature was far too powerful for him to overcome alone. He considered following it, but what of Storrie? The little man needed treatment as quickly as possible.\n
\nNo, he would have to go inside and tell... someone, hopefully not Clent, what he had seen.

After that, one way or another he would get what he needed to help Storrie.\n
\nPenley watched the giant creature and its captive disappear into the blizzard, carefully noting the direction they took, before hurrying towards the entrance to the dome.\n
\n \n
\nThe sound of gunfire had alerted Clent's group. Despite his injury, Jim had rallied and kept up with the others. As with any time he was faced with a danger to one of his family, Dr Who had straightened up, immediately looked twenty years younger and had abandoned the façade of the doddery old man. He had shown no difficulty in keeping up with the others, who were less than half of his age.\n
\n'How did they die?' Arden asked.\n
\nDr Who was examining the dead soldiers. 'Sound waves,' he said in a grim voice. 'Their organs, the very cells that make up their bodies, have been subjected to an extraordinary compressed and directed sonic force. A violent pulse of sound.'\n
\nJim looked at the dead, staring eyes in horror. 'That must have been the weapon it used against me.' He looked away from the dead men. 'That would have been me if it hadn't missed.'\n
\n'The fact that it was accurate in shooting these poor devils suggests that it missed you deliberately,' Dr Who said thoughtfully. 'It also suggests that it kept Vanessa alive for a reason.'\n
\n'Such as?'\n
\nDr Who held out a hand and Jim helped him rise. 'Information,' the old man said. 'If you woke in a new world, an alien world, and you were alone, what would you look for first? Hmm?'\n
\n'Information,' Jim agreed. He chewed his lip pensively. 'What happens when this thing finds out that Vanessa doesn't know anything about this time period?'\n
\nDr Who brushed nervously at his moustache. 'We shall have to get her back long before then.'\n
\nJim turned to Clent. 'You heard him. What are you waiting for? We have to find that thing, wherever it's hiding, and we have to get Vanessa back.'\n
\n'If you're looking for something huge and green, you won't find it anywhere in the Castle,' a rich voice said from behind them.\n
\nThey all turned to see an unshaven, average-sized man in thermal clothing standing at the corner. \n
\n'Penley!' Jan exclaimed. She ran to the man and hugged him.\n
\nArden's welcome was equally warm. He slapped the scientist on the shoulder. 'It's good to see you! Are you all right?'\n
\nClent offered no greeting. He just glared at the newcomer with a burning hatred.\n
\n'I'm fine,' Penley said, disentangling himself from his younger friends. 'It sounds like the young woman is with you,' he said to Dr Who and Jim.\n
\n'Vanessa,' Jim nodded. 'You saw her?'\n

\n‘Outside,’ Penley agreed. ‘That... whatever it was, dragged her out into the blizzard.’\n
\n‘Did you see which way it took her?’ Dr Who asked.\n
\nPenley nodded. ‘I’ll show you on a map.’\n
\n‘This way.’ Jan pushed open a door and led them all into an office dominated by a map of Edinburgh which filled an entire wall.\n
\nOn the way in, Jim caught Penley’s arm. ‘Why didn’t you stop it?’ he demanded. ‘Why didn’t you help her?’\n
\nPenley looked at the younger man with sympathy. ‘I’m guessing that’s what you did.’ He pointed at the cut on Jim’s head which still seeped blood. ‘You should get that seen to.’ \n
\n‘But...’\n
\nPenley cut Jim off, indicating the dead soldiers. ‘We could both have ended up like them. You remember that.’ He pulled himself free of Jim’s grasp and crossed to join Jan at the map. His finger tapped the position of the dome’s entrance. He drew a line along the map with his finger. ‘They were heading out this way. The thing, and I’m fascinated to know whatever it is, was dragging the girl in this direction.’\n
\n‘Back towards where we found it,’ Arden said. He tapped a part of the map which was designated as “glacier”. ‘Why would it be going back there?’\n
\n‘Why indeed?’ Dr Who stared thoughtfully at the map. ‘Tell me, Mr Arden, did you look for anything else in the ice when you found this giant?’\n
\n‘No.’ Arden shook his head. ‘I didn’t think to. I was in a hurry to get back here.’\n
\nJim looked at his uncle. He was obviously concerned by the old man’s words. ‘You think there could be more of them?’\n
\nDr Who nodded. ‘Not only more of its kind but, perhaps, the means by which they came to this world.’\n
\n‘A spaceship?’ Jan sounded startled by the idea.\n
\nDr Who smiled tightly. ‘Well, I think we can assume this fellow didn’t walk, don’t you, my dear?’\n
\n‘I think so,’ Jan agreed.\n
\n‘What is it?’ Penley asked. ‘Any idea?’\n
\n‘We don’t know,’ Arden answered. ‘We thought it was some kind of ancient warrior’s burial, but it’s been in the ice for over thirty thousand years. Then we saw the electrical equipment in its helmet.’\n
\n‘We think that might have resuscitated it.’ Jan added, ‘but we’re honestly not sure.’\n
\nPenley shook his head in wonder. ‘Incredible. This... “Ice Warrior” was trapped in a glacier for thirty millennia and came back to life less than a day after you took it out of the ice?’ He glanced at Arden. ‘I saw you take it away from the glacier.’\n
\n‘And you didn’t say “hello”? I’m hurt, Penley.’\n
\nThe older scientist’s face broke into a slightly embarrassed smile. ‘Sorry about that, Arden. I’m

aware I’m not exactly popular around here.’\n
\n‘You’re right about that,’ Clent said, trying to take control of the situation. ‘We have no room for traitors here.’\n
\nJan spoke without thinking. ‘Oh, shut up, Clent.’\n
\nClent’s face went white with fury. ‘What did you say?’\n
\nJan composed herself and adopted a more conciliatory tone. ‘Nobody’s a traitor here. If he was, Penley wouldn’t have come in to tell us what he’d seen.’\n
\nClent thought for a moment, eyeing Penley warily. ‘So,’ he said, ‘are you back, Penley?’\n
\nThe scientist shook his head. ‘You and I aren’t compatible, Clent. There’s only room for one of us here. So, no, I’m not staying.’\n
\nClent straightened. His face showed an odd mixture of satisfaction and disappointment. ‘Well, if that’s how you feel...’\n
\n‘It is.’\n
\n‘But we can use your brain while you’re here,’ Jan said, eager to keep Penley in the fold for as long as she could.\n
\nPenley shook his head sadly. ‘I have to get back to a friend. He’s injured. He needs someone to look after him.’\n
\n‘And we must get back to work,’ Clent said briskly. ‘The glacier still needs to be held at bay. The Ioniser must be our first priority.’\n
\n‘Yours, maybe,’ Jim said vehemently, ‘not mine. Vanessa’s what matters to me.’\n
\n‘And you must not use the Ioniser on the glacier at this time,’ Dr Who said urgently. \n
\n‘I’m sorry about the girl,’ Clent said briskly, ‘but we are here to hold that glacier at bay with the Ioniser.’\n
\nDr Who shook his head, as if frustrated by having to explain something quite so glaringly obvious. ‘But you will not be here, and neither will the rest of this castle or this city, if we are correct about there being a spaceship embedded in the ice.’\n
\nJan nodded her understanding. ‘If their ship is nuclear powered, the Ioniser will turn it into the biggest explosion on Earth since the death of the dinosaurs.’\n
\n‘What can we do?’ Clent demanded. ‘The Ioniser must run or the glacier will overrun us in days.’\n
\nSupport for Clent came from an unexpected source. ‘He’s right,’ Penley said. ‘The Ioniser is all that’s holding the glacier at bay.’\n
\n‘So we must use it,’ Jan said. She paused before adding, ‘but we daren’t use it.’ She looked around the room, hoping for some inspiration. ‘What do we do?’\n
\n‘I...’ Clent reached for an answer but found none. ‘I don’t know.’\n
\n‘If it’s any consolation, I’m not sure either,’ Penley admitted gruffly.\n
\n‘Might I make a suggestion?’ Dr Who said. \n
\n‘Please,’ Jan nodded.\n

\n‘Your Ioniser attacks the glacier with pulses of energy, which vaporise the ice and send the vapour into the air. At full power it might well cause a nuclear engine to explode. Run your Ioniser at a lower intensity for, say, twelve hours,’ Dr Who said. ‘The glacier won’t advance against it in that short time and time is what it will give us. Time to find Vanessa and this, what did you call it? This Ice Warrior.’ He nodded. ‘Yes, a very apt name. Running the Ioniser at low intensity will give us time to search for dear Vanessa and the Ice Warrior.’\n
\n‘And when we do find them?’ Clent asked. ‘Two of my men are lying dead outside.’\n
\n‘I will not have Vanessa join their number,’ Dr Who snapped severely. The sharpness of his tone stopped conversation in the room for a moment.\n
\n‘We can organise search parties,’ Penley suggested. ‘It’s bad outside but there are enough men in here to search for her.’\n
\n‘Thank you,’ Clent said icily, ‘but that decision will be made by me.’\n
\n‘You’re not leaving her out there,’ Jan said firmly.\n
\nClent could see another revolt coming and caved in. ‘I have no intention of abandoning the girl to this Ice Warrior. We will send search parties. They will be assigned by me.’\n
\nArden turned away from the map. ‘I’ll show you exactly where they’re going.’\n
\n‘Where?’ Jim asked urgently. ‘Tell us.’\n
\nArden stabbed a finger on the map. ‘Right here. He’s going back where I found him.’\n
\n‘In search of his friends,’ Dr Who nodded, ‘and his ship.’\n
\n‘And what happens to Vanessa if he doesn’t find them?’ Jim asked.\n
\nFor once, Dr Who had no answer.\n
\n \n
\nThe wind caught at Vanessa’s hair as the giant green figure dragged her through the snow. It stopped briefly to get its bearings and plan the next leg of their trek.\n
\nVanessa pulled again at the clamp gripping her wrist. ‘Who are you?’ she demanded. ‘Where are you from?’ She tried to break free again. The grip didn’t slacken. ‘Who are you?’ she screamed again.\n
\n‘Varga.’\n
\nThe answer took Vanessa by surprise. ‘Varga? Is that your name or where you’re from?’\n
\n‘I am Varga.’\n
\nSo that was its name. ‘Where are you from?’\n
\n‘The red planet.’\n
\n‘The red planet?’ Vanessa repeated. ‘You mean Mars?’\n
\nVarga didn’t answer. It had obviously had enough conversation. It strode into the blizzard, dragging Vanessa behind it. Varga didn’t move quickly but his steps were solid and true, whereas Vanessa’s slipped and slid in the snow. Varga gave no consideration to her difficulty. He lumbered implacably into the blizzard, dragging Vanessa with him.\n
\nShe was a prisoner of the Martian.\n

\nCHAPTER FIVE\n
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\nThe Spaceship\n
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\nVanessa was frozen through to the bone by the time Varga stopped at a vast wall of ice. She had struggled with the fastenings of her coat, trying to close them with her one free hand while being dragged along by the giant. She had finally managed to close the coat and operate the thermal control, which gave her some respite from the vicious bite of the cold. She had also managed to pull her hood up, but her hands and feet were numb and she imagined that she felt the cold spreading along her limbs.\n
\nWhile her limbs were growing numb, Vanessa forced her mind to become active and agile. She was a prisoner of this terrible Martian creature, Varga. It wasn't particularly talkative and it was both capable of and prepared to kill. However, she was convinced it hadn't killed Jim when it might have – he had been moving just slightly as she had been dragged out – and it had only killed the soldiers after they aimed their weapons at it. Perhaps, she thought, if she adopted a less confrontational attitude there was a chance she could learn from this monster and maybe even create some kind of rapport with it.\n
\nShe stopped struggling against Varga's grip and tried to keep up with the Martian's lumbering pace.\n
\nUpon reaching the glacier, Varga had stared at the ice and then consulted the device on his wrist which seemed to somehow be both mechanical and organic. 'Thisss way.' He led Vanessa a hundred yards along the ice before stopping. 'Here,' he said. 'Thisss iss the place.'\n
\n'The place for what?' Vanessa peered into the ice, following the direction of Varga's gaze. She wasn't sure but there might have been something inside the ice. Something enormous. 'What is it?'\n
\n'The spaceship I commanded was damaged in a sssolar flare,' Varga explained. 'Our power failed and we crashed on thiss world. Some of us went outside to explore. The ice collapssed around uss. I am the firsst to break free.'\n
\n'The first?' Vanessa tried not to show any panic. 'There are more of you?'\n
\n'Many,' Varga answered. 'Many.' He raised his arm and the weapon build into his wrist pulsed more gently than it had either time Vanessa had seen it used before. 'How can the ice be so dense and ssso deep?' Varga asked.\n
\n'I don't know,' Vanessa answered. 'I'm not a scientist.'\n
\n'How long was I in the ice?' Varga demanded.\n
\nVanessa paused. She didn't know how this alien would react to news it didn't like. On the other hand, she was aware how it would react if it ever found out that she had lied to it or even misled it slightly. 'The scientist who found you said you had been there for thousands of years,' she

answered.\n
\nVarga's weapon stopped. It swung the arm round, aiming the weapon at Vanessa's head. 'You lie!'\n
\nShe threw her hand up to cover her face. 'It's the truth,' she cried. 'Arden said you had been in the ice for thousands and thousands of years but he didn't say how many.'\n
\nThe Martian was going to kill her. She had no doubt that this was where and when she would die. She just hoped that it would be quick.\n
\nThe blast from the Martian's weapon never came.\n
\nInstead, Varga threw back his great reptilian head and released a quiet but tortured scream that stabbed through to her soul. The Martian had just realised that everyone he had known on his home world was now long dead.\n
\n'I'm sorry,' she said gently. 'I know this must be hard for you. I understand.'\n
\n'How can you understand thisss pain?' Varga hissed. 'You underssstand nothing.'\n
\n'My family were all killed,' she answered. 'Everything I knew was taken away from me. I had nothing.' She chose not to mention that her heartbreak had also happened in the distant past. That would cause too many questions. 'So, while I may not understand your particular loss, I do understand what it is to lose everything one holds dear.'\n
\nVarga looked at her impassively for a moment then released her wrist. 'Do not try to essscape,' it hissed.\n
\nVanessa looked around. There was nowhere she could run to before Varga turned his gun on her. 'I won't,' she said.\n
\nVarga turned his attention back to the glacier. His weapon pulsed and the ice began to crack. Splinters broke off and fell while the face itself began to melt and steam. The melting water flowed away from the ice face but as the Martian worked, boring a large, circular channel into the ice, Vanessa saw how quickly the melted water refroze. She turned her jacket's thermostat up to full and huddled inside. There was nothing she could do to warm her feet but as she rammed her hands into her pockets she found her woollen gloves inside. The gloves were lined with some kind of inner thermal layer which almost immediately brought a tingling life back into her fingers. She stamped her feet and moved closer to the glacier for some protection from the wind.\n
\nShe guessed that Varga stood for almost half an hour, blasting the ice with his strange weapon, chipping and melting the ice. His only movement in all that time was to step closer. As he reached the ice wall his arm disappeared into the chasm he had blasted. He stepped halfway inside. Vanessa readied herself. She was eight or ten yards from him. If she was quick she could make another five or maybe ten before he could fire. That would be enough to let her put a large chunk of fallen ice between them. Over a short distance she was sure she could outpace the lumbering Martian. Whether she could outlast him back to the dome, that was another matter. However, she was certain that she had to try. She glanced across at Varga again. He had to take just half a step more and she would make her move.\n

\n‘You will come here.’\n
\nThe disappointment was crushing. Varga was looking at her.\n
\n‘Now,’ he hissed. ‘You will come here now.’\n
\nShe couldn’t escape. She was too close and he would gun her down before she had taken two steps. She had no option. She simply did as he instructed. \n
\nThe channel was far larger than she had expected. It ran a good thirty feet into the ice. The inner walls had already refrozen and glistened. All except for the far wall. That was a dull, off-white and seemed to be made of something metallic or perhaps even ceramic. A hatch was obvious in the wall.\n
\nVarga had found his spaceship.\n
\n‘You will come with me,’ the Martian hissed. He pushed Vanessa ahead of him towards the hatch. After three attempts to operate the controls, the hatch slowly slid open, releasing a wave of stale air.\n
\n‘Inside,’ Varga ordered.\n
\nVanessa nodded and stepped into the Martian spaceship.\n
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\nPersuading Dr Who to stay behind in the dome had been almost impossible. In the end, Jim had been forced to be blunt.\n
\n‘Do you really think you could keep up?’ he had asked.\n
\nThe ache in the old man’s eyes had hurt Jim deeply, but it had been true. For all his amazing qualities, his uncle was not a young man and he would have struggled with the pace and with the cold.\n
\nJim pushed a radio earpiece into his left ear and winced as it adhered to his skin. ‘I’ve had a word with Arden and Penley,’ he said quietly to Dr Who. ‘They’re not convinced Clent can be trusted not to use that Ioniser.’\n
\n‘Oh, I agree,’ Dr Who nodded. ‘He is both driven to succeed and aware that he is out of his depth but unwilling to do anything about it. That makes him unpredictable and volatile. Rather a dangerous mix, all things considered.’\n
\nJim nodded. That was more or less exactly what Arden and Penley had told him. ‘You’ll have to make sure he doesn’t turn that Ioniser up early or we might all wind up on Mars – on top of a great big explosion.’\n
\n‘Don’t worry, dear boy,’ Dr Who said confidently. ‘I’ll keep an eye on him, and so will Miss Garrett.’\n
\nJim winked. ‘As long as you keep your eyes off Miss Garrett. She’s not even half your age.’\n
\nDr Who tutted and clucked, but he was smiling as Jim joined the party heading for the ice. He noticed Jan Garrett handing a package to Penley before coming over to watch the party go through the wooden doors to head for the dome’s exit.\n
\n‘I assume nobody was supposed to see you give Penley that bag,’ Dr Who said mildly.\n

\n‘And I’d appreciate it if nobody did see it,’ Jan agreed. ‘It’s medical supplies for his injured friend.’\n
\n‘Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone.’\n
\nJan smiled warmly. ‘Thank you. Penley’s an old friend. He’s like family, really.’\n
\n‘I quite understand, my dear.’ Dr Who turned away from the door and ushered Jan along ahead of him. ‘Now we must get to work, mustn’t we?’\n
\n‘On the Ioniser?’\n
\n‘Among other things,’ Dr Who answered. ‘Among other things.’\n
\n \n
\nThe Martian spaceship was dark, illuminated only by a few small emergency lights on large control panels. The panels themselves were a mixture. Some controls were set for the huge clamp hands while others were simply ports by which the Martians could attach themselves to interface with the ship.\n
\n‘Is the ship still active?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\nVarga hissed in annoyance. ‘The power levels are low. The nuclear power unit was inoperative after the crash. It will take time to cycle power to the system. Until then we have only emergency power.’\n
\nDull lights on the edge of the room flickered into life, giving Vanessa a better view of the Control Room. It was as dull and functional as she had expected. She had seen several spaceships in her time with Dr Who. Tardis was the only one which had any real personality.\n
\nVarga moved around the controls, activating only a few. He hissed again, this time with satisfaction. ‘There isss enough energy to find my crew.’\n
\nA panel in front of Varga hummed into life, showing a three-dimensional display of the glacier. One by one, seven green dots appeared on the display. From their placing in relation to the ship she deduced that the other Martians weren’t too far away.\n
\n‘You’ve found them?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\n‘Yess,’ Varga answered. ‘They are close. They are very close.’\n
\n‘Can you revive them?’\n
\n‘I will know ssoon,’ Varga said. ‘I will know very ssoon.’ He touched a control and a heavy inner door slid open. ‘You will wait in here while I work.’ He pushed Vanessa towards the cell-sized room beyond the door, which slid shut behind her. \n
\nLooking around the bland white room, Vanessa knew that her position had grown even more desperate.\n
\n \n
\nJim was surprised by how well Penley moved through the snow. He was well into his forties, maybe even his fifties and looked shabby but he led the party from the dome with ease. If anything it was the platoon of troops, who had apparently spent little time outside in the snow, who had trouble keeping pace with the scientist. Even Arden, the most experienced in the dome

at moving through the snow, and Jim, who kept himself exceptionally fit, had to work hard to match Penley's pace.\n
\nEventually, after what seemed like an eternity, Penley stopped. 'There,' he said, pointing into the blizzard. 'The glacier's about a hundred metres ahead.'\n
\nArden joined him and looked around, picking out whatever recognisable rises and falls in the snow he could spot as the blizzard gusted and ebbed before gusting again. 'He's right. I know where we are. I found the Ice Warrior just ahead.'\n
\n'Good,' Penley said. 'You don't need me anymore.'\n
\nArden caught at his friend's arm. 'Penley? What are you saying?'\n
\n'You're here to save that girl's life.' Penley pointed into the blizzard. 'There's a man waiting for me to save his life. I made him a promise and I'm going to keep it.' Without another word, the scientist struck out into the snow.\n
\n'Penley, wait! Penley!' Arden reached for his friend but Penley had already been swallowed by the blizzard.\n
\nJim nudged Arden's arm. 'Forget him. We've got to get Vanessa from that Ice Warrior.'\n
\n'But he's my friend,' Arden protested.\n
\n'And she's my everything,' Jim answered. 'So we need to get her back.'\n
\nArden nodded his understanding and raised a small radio to his mouth. 'This is Arden calling Caledon Base. Come in Base.'\n
\nJan Garrett's voice crackled through the weather's interference. 'We hear you, Arden. What's your situation?'\n
\n'We've reached the glacier,' Arden answered. 'We're moving in to reconnoitre the situation.'\n
\n'Understood,' Jan answered, and then another voice spoke. An older, male voice.\n
\n'Jim, be careful, my boy,' Dr Who called.\n
\n'I will,' Jim said into Arden's radio, 'but I'm going to get her back.'\n
\nArden turned the radio off and nodded at Jim. He clearly understood exactly what Jim's priorities were. He turned back to the troops behind. 'All right, we move carefully and we don't start any trouble. At least not until I give the word to, got it?'\n
\nThe soldiers acknowledged the order. A moment later they started moving towards the glacier.\n
\n \n
\nBack at their house, Penley had found Storrie lying on the couch exactly where he had left him. The cantankerous little man hadn't moved in the hours Penley had been away. He was breathing regularly, which was, Penley thought, a good sign.\n
\nFrom inside his pouch, Penley produced a mobile x-ray machine he had taken from the castle and he quickly scanned Storrie. He had been right. The little man did have broken ribs and there was some damage to the lungs but nothing that would require surgery. Unbelievably the little man had been lucky. At least he had been lucky in that department. His right arm was

undoubtedly broken and Penley gently clipped a restorative cast around the broken limb. The cast would generate pulses which would stimulate tissue regeneration. The arm would be as good as new in eighteen to twenty four hours. The pain until then was likely to be terrible at times. Still, they had enough pain medication and sedatives to cover that now.\n
\nLooking around the house, Penley was reminded of days he had long pushed into the furthest recesses of his memory. His house in Kent, on the edge of a village and backing out into a field full of cattle and sheep. The girls had loved that house. The farmer who owned the field, Bob Dooley, had been a friend. His daughters had played with Penley's. Their wives had been great friends too. Sal had been able to make friends anywhere, but she had really connected with Bob's wife, Judi. That was one of the reasons Penley had felt able to spend so much time away from home trying to find an answer to the spreading ice. He knew that they all missed him – they talked by vidlink every day that he was away – and he missed them all terribly, but he knew that Bob's farm was only a couple of hundred metres away. In the unlikely event there was ever a problem Sal needed help to deal with, she had friends nearby.\n
\nThe irony was that she had been with those friends when they'd had the accident. Driving home from a school concert, a blizzard had hit earlier and harder than anyone had predicted. Sal, Judi, Bob, all the girls... They had been driving back in Bob's family cruiser when it skidded on the frozen road and went off the side into a ditch. The storm had meant that the car had been covered with snow and their bodies hadn't been found for days. Penley had been the one who found them. He had hurried home through the storm when Sal hadn't answered his calls. After the funerals he had returned to work. He hadn't been home since. He had thrown himself into work. No, he had hidden in work. Now he didn't even have work to hide behind.\n
\nBut he was still hiding, wasn't he?\n
\nHiding from helping at the Base because of Clent. He could forgive himself that. The man was a fool. He couldn't forgive himself for not helping to rescue that girl, though. \n
\nWhat would Sal have said about that? What would the girls have said?\n
\nChecking that Storrie was sleeping peacefully, Penley hurried back out into the storm.\n
\n \n
\nClent was on edge.\n
\nJan watched the Base's leader as he limped around the Control Room. He had tried to sit a few times but had lasted only a few seconds before he had resumed pacing.\n
\nJan understood why Clent was so nervous. Of course she did. The fact that he couldn't control it, though, that was a problem. Dr Who, by contrast, the man whose family was in danger, had somehow managed to throw himself into working on the Ioniser. \n
\n'I think I see a way to increase the efficiency of your Ioniser when it returns to full power,' Dr Who said to Jan.\n
\n'That wasn't what you were ordered to do,' Clent snapped. \n
\nYes, Jan thought, she was right. He was really close to the edge again. He was going to break

before long.\n
\n‘The power is too low,’ Clent said. ‘Increase twenty percent.’\n
\n‘It’s too dangerous,’ Jan answered. \n
\n‘That’s my decision,’ Clent bellowed. ‘I say increase it.’\n
\nJan couldn’t help herself. ‘The spaceship will blow up!’ she yelled back.\n
\n‘There might not be a spaceship! Do as you’re told!’ Clent sounded hysterical now.\n
\n‘May I suggest asking the computer’s advice?’ Dr Who offered softly.\n
\nClent leapt on the suggestion. ‘Yes. Yes, we’ll ask the computer.’\n
\nHe had always trusted the computers more than his staff, Jan thought. Probably because the computers weren’t likely to be writing a report suggesting that he should be replaced as Base Leader, which was exactly what Jan had started doing a few minutes earlier. She was surprised that Dr Who had suggested asking the computer, though. He seemed far more sensible than that. But then, as Clent turned his back on then, Dr Who gave a sly, conspiratorial wink to Jan. The old lad was up to something.\n
\n‘All right,’ Jan said, ‘use your precious computer.’\n
\nClent swelled pompously. ‘Computer,’ he said loudly. ‘’Is there any risk in increasing power to the Ioniser?’\n
\n‘Computing,’ the monotone voice announced from the speakers. ‘Potential presence of nuclear engine makes increase in Ioniser power too dangerous at this time. Increase in power is to be avoided until definitive data on a nuclear engine’s presence is obtained.’\n
\nClent stood very still for a long moment, composing himself before continuing. He looked as if he felt betrayed by the computer. ‘Well,’ he said finally, ‘it seems the computer agrees with you. Hold power as it is.’\n
\n‘As you wish,’ Jan agreed.\n
\nHow on Earth had Dr Who known that the computer would agree not to increase the Ioniser’s power? She looked at the readings. He hadn’t changed anything. A thought came to her – an impossible thought. She opened some computer logs. Her thought was impossible but true. Dr Who had reprogrammed the computer to answer as he had wanted it to. Jan knew the computers well. She could have done that reprogramming in an hour, perhaps two. Dr Who had done it in seconds. She smiled at him and returned his wink.\n
\nJan was about to resume writing her report when a voice crackled over the radio.\n
\n‘Caledon Base, this is Arden.’\n
\nJan didn’t wait for Clent to answer. ‘Go ahead, Arden,’ she said. Clent glared at her but Jan ignored him. ‘What’s your status?’\n
\nArden’s voice crackled again. ‘We’ve found the Ice Warrior,’ he replied. ‘He’s guarding what looks like a tunnel in the ice, leading to a hatch. I think he’s found his spaceship.’\n
\n‘Can you see Vanessa?’ Dr Who asked urgently. ‘Is there any sign of her?’\n
\n‘None.’ It was Jim’s voice that answered. ‘She must be inside the spaceship.’\n

\n‘That is an assumption,’ Dr Who warned, ‘but in the circumstances I think it is a fair one. We should try to communicate with this Ice Warrior, to try to discover a peaceful resolution to this situation.’\n
\n‘Ignore that,’ Clent’s voice interrupted. ‘That creature has already shown itself to be aggressive. There’s only one way to deal with it. Attack now.’\n
\n‘I object,’ Dr Who protested strongly.\n
\nArden’s voice joined the Doctor’s in protest. ‘Are you insane, Clent? We have no idea what kind of weapons that monster has.’\n
\n‘We can’t delay,’ Clent said briskly. ‘I have the authority. I order you to attack now.’\n
\n‘No!’ Jim’s voice answered. ‘It could kill Vanessa.’\n
\n‘One life,’ Clent said. ‘It’s unfortunate but it would be one life against the lives of everyone else. We must get the Ioniser back to full strength.’\n
\n‘Then let us talk to the Ice Warrior,’ Dr Who demanded.\n
\n‘I won’t risk that girl’s life in a stupid attack,’ Arden said angrily.\n
\nClent straightened his back. ‘You may be a coward, Arden, but I’m not afraid to make difficult decisions. Sergeant Michaels, ignore Scientist Arden. I order you to attack the Ice Warrior. Attack the spaceship!’\n

\nCHAPTER SIX\n
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\nThe Battle in the Snow\n
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\n‘Stand down!’ Arden said. The troops ignored him. ‘I said to stand down. Clent is not behaving rationally. He doesn’t understand the danger of attacking that alien and its ship.’\n
\nJim’s concerns lay elsewhere. ‘And he doesn’t care that the Ice Warrior might kill Vanessa.’\n
\n‘Let us try something else,’ Arden pleaded.\n
\nSergeant Michaels shook his head. There was regret in his eyes but he was resolute. ‘Sorry, Arden. We have to follow orders.’\n
\n‘He’s not rational,’ Arden repeated.\n
\nMichaels sighed. ‘I’m sorry.’ He turned to his men. ‘Everybody move into position. Attack pattern Delta.’ He glanced back at Arden and Jim. ‘You two keep your heads down.’\n
\nThe soldiers moved off, quickly flitting through the snow, arranging themselves into position to launch a concerted attack on the solitary Ice Warrior standing guard at the entrance to the ice cave.\n
\n‘Michaels, don’t!’ Arden pleaded.\n
\nThe soldier ignored him, moving into place by his men.\n
\nJim caught Arden’s arm and eased him away to the side, putting distance between them and the soldiers. ‘Come on. We’ll get a better view of the ship from round here.’\n
\nArden and Jim moved off to the side, keeping low. Looking back they saw the soldiers slowly moving forward, preparing their attack.\n
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\nThe room into which Vanessa had been thrown was utterly empty. There was nothing for her to sit on and there no way she could see of escaping from it. Her legs were tired after the long trudge through the snow but she refused to sit on the floor. A lady had to have some standards. After fifteen minutes, Vanessa had abandoned those standards and was sitting on the floor, her knees tight against her chest and her coat stretched around her knees and shins so that she stayed as warm as possible. Whatever the walls were made of, the room was insulated from any sounds Varga was making outside in the spaceship. She had been locked in her cell for just over two hours when the door slid open. A giant green form loomed in the doorway.\n
\n‘You will come with me,’ Varga ordered.\n
\nVanessa was desperate to get out of the tiny cell but she was automatically distrustful of anything the Martian giant wanted her to do. ‘Why?’ she demanded. ‘Where are we going?’\n
\nVarga’s clamp fastened around Vanessa’s upper arm and pulled her to her feet. ‘Come with me.’\n
\nVanessa struggled to maintain her footing. Her feet and legs were numb and stiff from having

been seated in one position for so long. ‘Let go,’ she protested. ‘I need time to get circulation back into my legs.’\n
\nThe Martian ignored her protests and hauled Vanessa out into the spaceship’s control room.\n
\nThe change in the control room in the hours Vanessa had been locked in her cell was remarkable. The lights now shone brightly, illuminating the entire room. The control panels hummed with energy, and lights, dials and displays flashed and scrolled.\n
\n‘Your spaceship is working,’ Vanessa said. ‘You brought it back to life.’\n
\n‘Yesss.’ There was an immense amount of pride in that one word.\n
\n‘Then you can let me go and leave,’ Vanessa suggested hopefully.\n
\nVarga hissed. ‘The ship is still entombed in the ice.’ He operated a control, which activated a screen showing the blizzard outside. ‘Others of your kind have come. I think they plan to sset you free.’\n
\nThe image on the screen pushed through the blizzard, showing a dozen armed soldiers preparing for an assault.\n
\n‘Let me go,’ Vanessa implored Varga. ‘If you let me go they have no reason to attack.’ Varga said nothing. ‘You can’t fight them alone,’ Vanessa pleaded. ‘There’s no reason for anyone to die.’\n
\n‘Ssssss.’ Varga released what sounded like a malicious laugh. ‘They chossse to attack,’ Varga said. The Martian turned as another Ice Warrior lumbered into the Control Room, followed by another. ‘And asss you ssee, I am no longer alone.’\n
\nVanessa looked from the Martians to the screen showing the soldiers. ‘Let me talk to them,’ she begged. ‘I can stop them. There doesn’t need to be any bloodshed.’\n
\nVarga hissed again. ‘It is too late. They are beginning their attack.’ He hissed again. ‘They will all die.’\n
\nFrom their position off to the side of the soldiers, Jim and Arden watched Sergeant Michaels and his men move forward, preparing to attack the solitary green sentinel standing guard at the mouth of the tunnel leading to the spaceship. The Ice Warrior hadn’t moved since they had arrived. It stood still and unmoving against the gusting wind.\n
\n‘Why is it just standing there?’ Jim asked. ‘It’s in the open. It’s an easy target for anybody who comes near them.’\n
\n‘Maybe our weapons won’t be able to get through that armour,’ Arden suggested.\n
\nJim was looking further along the ice. The face of the glacier was cracked and huge slabs of ice lay on the ground. To the side of the cave leading to the ship he saw other channels which had been melted through the ice. Even as Jim pointed at one of those channels he saw a second Ice Warrior lumber out of it. A third of the giants was emerging from another.\n
\n‘It’s a trap!’ Arden said.\n
\n‘Fall back!’ Jim shouted to Sergeant Michaels and his men. ‘There are three of them. Get out of there!’\n

\n‘Michaels, it’s a trap!’ Arden yelled again. ‘Get out of there!’\n
\nIt was too late. The Ice Warriors who had been hiding lumbered forward to join the one who had stood as sentry. All three fired their weapons in unison. Violent waves of directed sonic energy pulsed through the air. The snow in front of them shook and then was hurled out towards the soldiers. Sergeant Michaels was the first to fall. He screamed and twisted before dropping to the snow. The troops returned fire. Their plasma weapons struck the Ice Warriors again and again. The giants staggered against the onslaught then returned fire, their sonic weapons blasting the soldiers to oblivion. One by one, Sergeant Michaels’ troops fell into the snow until the last man dropped, devastated by the Martian weapons.\n
\nThe massacre had taken a maximum of thirty seconds. To Jim and Arden it had seemed like a lifetime. They had watched the one-sided battle and seen all of their companions killed and they had been unable to do anything to help. \n
\n‘We should get out of here,’ Arden said hollowly. ‘We need to tell the Base what happened.’\n
\nJim caught his arm. ‘What about Vanessa?’\n
\nArden indicated back towards the Ice Warriors and their ship. ‘You think you can take that lot on?’\n
\nJim couldn’t argue with the man’s reasoning. No matter how much he loved Vanessa, he would be no good to her if he was dead. They would have to come up with another plan. ‘All right,’ he conceded. ‘We’ll go back.’\n
\n‘Come on.’ Arden began to slip away through the blizzard, which had swept in again once the sonic pulses had stopped.\n
\nA movement off to the front of Arden caught Jim’s eye. One of the Ice Warriors had spotted them and was lumbering towards them.\n
\n‘Look out!’ Jim yelled. ‘Ice Warrior!’\n
\nThe snow pulsed as the Ice Warrior fired its weapon. The sonic impulses slammed into Arden first. Jim had only a fraction of a second to see his companion sent to oblivion before the impulse hit him too and everything stopped.\n
\n‘Jim!’\n
\nVanessa buckled as she saw the young man collapse lifelessly into the snow. Her breath caught in her throat. Her chest ached as if a great weight was sitting on it. Jim. It could couldn’t be true. He couldn’t be... not Jim. The sparkle in his eyes, that cheeky grin, the warmth and concern he had for other people... that couldn’t be gone. It couldn’t.\n
\nVanessa found her voice in a tormented, agonised wail. ‘Jim!’\n
\n‘Why do you mourn this one?’ Varga asked.\n
\n‘Because you killed him!’ Vanessa spat angrily. Tears were welling. She wanted to throw herself at this monster but sense stopped her. Varga would kill her as easily as he had ordered his warriors to kill the soldiers outside. To kill Jim.\n
\n‘We killed many,’ Varga hissed. ‘Why did you call only one name?’\n

\n‘Because I loved him,’ Vanessa said bitterly. ‘He wasn’t a soldier. If he was there it was to help me. He was kind and gentle and you killed him.’\n
\n‘He chose hisss companionss unwisely,’ Varga hissed, ‘but if he was your mate it is understandable that you mourn.’ He turned away and began inspecting readings.\n
\nVanessa staggered to a bulkhead and slid to the floor, weeping. Varga looked at her briefly then dismissed her from his mind.\n
\nThe ship’s outer hatch slid open. The temperature dropped as cold air flooded in. Two Martians lumbered in through the hatch, which remained open. Looking along the length of the ice tunnel, Vanessa saw the bulk of the third Martian move away into the blizzard, apparently checking the bodies of the dead soldiers. And Jim.\n
\nJim.\n
\nShe had to let Dr Who know about Jim. He had to know and he had to hear it from someone who cared. The news would devastate that dear old man.\n
\nVanessa eased herself towards the hatch. Closer, a little closer, a little closer.\n
\nShe snapped to her feet and ran. With every step she expected to hear the pulsing sound of a Martian weapon. She had reached the end of the icy tunnel and was almost out in the blizzard when she heard Varga’s voice. ‘She isss essscaping!’\n
\nThe Martian out in the blizzard was bound to be recalled, so she couldn’t go straight ahead. Besides, that would have left her in the sights of the weapons of any Martians following her. She turned sharply and ran. The snow and ice underfoot made progress difficult but anger and fear gave her energy. She had to keep moving. A huge slab of ice was ahead. If she reached that she would be shielded from the weapons of the Martians. She risked a glance behind. A giant green figure was lumbering after her. It was just turning out of the ice passage. She ran faster. The ice was just a few yards ahead. \n
\nShe made it!\n
\nThere was no time to take a breath. Vanessa kept running. There were more blocks of ice of varying sizes ahead. They had fallen from the glacier. Vanessa weaved her way through the frozen obelisks, skipping right and left. She moved lightly and quickly, carefully avoiding the smaller fragments of ice that might have brought her down. The wind dipped, letting Vanessa see that the route ahead was blocked by a fall of ice. She was trapped. No, wait, there was a small open route to the left. She might escape that way. She had no choice other than to try. She kept running. The narrow passage was uncomfortably claustrophobic. Vanessa felt trapped by the ice but she kept running. Jim wouldn’t have given up. Neither would she. The channel narrowed and she turned sideways to squeeze through. She had no idea exactly where she was going but her sense of direction was usually good. If she arced round to her left she would surely see the dome over the Castle. She would just have to move towards that.\n
\nThe passage had come to an end, opening up on an expanse of deep, impacted snow, with the tops of buildings protruding from it. She would arc to the left now.\n

\nA roar stopped Vanessa in her tracks.\n
\nIt wasn’t the expected sound of a Martian following her. It sounded like... A tiger dropped from a wall ten yards ahead of her. Its fur was coated with snow but one of its shoulders was pink as blood stained the snow. It looked at her with baleful eyes. It moved with a slight limp on its injured leg but there was no way she could expect to outrun the great cat. She looked around desperately. Was there anywhere she could run, anywhere the tiger couldn’t follow? There was nothing. Vanessa was not willing to simply give up and be a tiger’s dinner. She scooped up fist sized chunks of ice. As the tiger took a step closer she drew back her arm and hurled one of the chunks of ice at the tiger’s feet. It shattered against another, larger block of ice and sprayed the cat with small, sharp fragments of ice. The tiger roared but stopped its advance. She threw another, this time making the tiger take a short step backwards. Vanessa scooped up more chunks of ice. The tiger began to circle her. Vanessa saw a sharp shard of ice, jutting upwards like a stalagmite. If she could break that free she could use it like a spear. She wrapped her arms around the shard and heaved with all of her might. She strained and pulled, aware that the tiger was getting braver, getting closer. She heard a crack in the stalagmite. It was breaking free.\n
\nBut it was breaking too late. The tiger began to charge. Vanessa drew back her arm to throw a chunk of ice. The tiger leaped...\n
\nThe air between Vanessa and the tiger exploded in an invisible pulse of energy. The blast sent the tiger flying backwards into a snowdrift. It also threw Vanessa hard sideways into a large slab of ice. She slumped to the ground, dazed. She struggled to focus, to make her body work. She couldn’t control her arms or legs. Even seeing clearly was difficult. She saw a giant green figure above her and had a vague sensation of cold, inhuman hands lifting her before the oblivion of unconsciousness took her.\n
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\n ‘Arden!’ Clent yelled. ‘Arden, this is Clent. I order you to respond!’\n
\nThere was no answer. There had been no answer for the twenty minutes Clent had screamed into the microphone. He had tried to contact Arden, Sergeant Michaels, several of the soldiers and even Jim. None of the men had responded.\n
\n‘Communications must be down,’ Clent said. ‘Run a diagnostic on them,’ he ordered Jan.\n
\nJan shook her head. ‘We’ve already tried that, Clent.’\n
\n‘Leader Clent,’ the hysterical man screeched. ‘Leader Clent. Say it. Say it, Miss Garrett.’\n
\nJan looked at Dr Who for a moment. He gave the briefest nod and Jan followed the silent instruction. ‘Leader Clent,’ she said calmly, ‘we have already run a diagnostic on the communications. There is nothing wrong with them.’\n
\n‘Try it again,’ Clent demanded. ‘You must be doing something wrong.’\n
\n‘I’m not,’ Jan continued calmly. ‘The communications are working fine.’\n
\n‘Then why don’t they answer?’ Clent’s voice rose in pitch. ‘Why? Tell me why.’\n

\n‘You know the answer,’ Jan sighed. ‘You just don’t want to accept it. Neither do I.’\n
\n‘They’re not dead,’ Clent rapped out sharply. ‘They’re not dead. I won’t have it. I won’t allow it.’ He slammed his fist onto a desk. ‘I will not allow it.’\n
\nJan turned to Dr Who desperately. ‘Doctor?’\n
\n‘I do not believe that this is something you can control, Mr Clent,’ Dr Who said sadly. ‘I do not wish to believe it any more than you but we have no option other than to believe the evidence of our own eyes.’\n
\n‘What evidence?’ Clent bristled, ‘What are you talking about?’\n
\nDr Who operated a control and a screen flickered to life. It showed crackling, distorted pictures, clearly affected by atmospheric interference. Despite the disturbance, the pictures were clear enough.\n
\n‘I have accessed the cameras on the soldiers’ helmets,’ Dr Who said sadly. His finger flicked switches. The images changed from the perspective of one camera to another. None were moving. Some showed snow or ice. Others showed the unmoving, distorted figures of obviously dead soldiers. Their bodies and limbs were twisted in their death agonies. ‘They are dead,’ Dr Who said quietly.\n
\n‘No!’ Clent protested. ‘They can’t be. These men are my responsibility. They can’t be dead. They must be alive. We need them. What will people say if I allow men to die like this? No, they can’t be dead.’\n
\nJan’s patience finally shattered. ‘They’re dead, Clent, all of them. There’s nothing you can do about it. They’re dead!’\n
\nClent hunched forwards, his clenched fists slamming against the desk. ‘They can’t be. They can’t be.’ Clent’s shoulders heaved up and down. The man was crying. ‘They can’t be dead,’ he sobbed. ‘They can’t.’ He looked at the image of Sergeant Michaels’ open, staring, dead eyes on the screen and his knees buckled. He began to weep. ‘It’s my fault,’ he bawled. ‘My fault, my fault.’\n
\nFor the first time since she had arrived at Caledon Base, Jan looked at Clent with sympathy. She operated an internal communications link. ‘This is Jan Garrett. I need a medical team in the Control Room now. Base Leader Clent will need to be sedated.’\n
\nClent had slumped to the floor. He had curled himself into a foetal position and tears poured down his cheeks. Painful sobs racked his body.\n
\nJan crossed to Dr Who and placed a sympathetic hand on his arm. ‘I’m so sorry about Jim,’ she said.\n
\nDr Who slumped onto a chair, his face a picture of misery. ‘So am I, my dear. So am I.’\n

\nCHAPTER SEVEN\n
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\nThe Fine Art of Diplomacy\n
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\nPenley arrived back at the glacier where the Ice Warrior had been found, to find a hellish scene waiting for him. The first thing he saw was the girl they had come to rescue being carried into a bizarre circular tunnel in the ice by one of the Ice Warriors. The next thing he saw were the dead bodies. Every soldier who had come to face the Ice Warrior had been killed. What kind of power did this thing have if it could do this to a squad of heavily armed men all by itself? The sight of a second and then a third Ice Warrior emerging to set up equipment aimed at the glacier explained that. The Ice Warrior hadn’t been alone. It had defrosted its comrades.\n
\nHe hadn’t seen Arden or that other young lad, Jim. Carefully staying out of sight of the Ice Warriors, Penley scouted around the area. His heart sank a few minutes later as he saw two more fallen figures. Arden stared ahead lifelessly. Several metres behind him, Jim also lay still, though his eyes were closed. Penley was about to leave when he saw something move. Jim’s chest rose and fell very slightly. Penley hurried across and examined the young man. He had a pulse and he was breathing. He wasn’t in good shape at all, but he was alive.\n
\nPenley gave Jim the best examination he could, but there was no way of knowing how badly the young man was hurt without getting him somewhere safer. The Base would be ideal, but his house was closer. Very carefully, still staying out of view of the Ice Warriors, Penley dragged Jim away from the battle site. As soon as they were out of sight of the Ice Warriors, Penley heaved Jim up over his shoulder and trudged through the snow, carrying the injured lad back to the house. The house had never seemed so far away, Even retaining his balance with the extra weight over his shoulder was almost impossible. Eventually, painfully slowly, the tunnel to the house came into view and he finally staggered inside, closing the door behind him. He dropped Jim onto a couch and slumped into a chair himself for a moment, gasping for breath. He was exhausted. Exhausted, but he had made it. He forced himself back up onto his feet and, after removing his heavy winter clothing, returned to Jim. He removed the younger man’s helmet and opened his winter clothing. Taking the mobile x-ray machine he had brought to examine Storrie, Penley ran the machine over Jim from head to toe. Remarkably, the young man was not badly injured. He was unconscious but whatever had happened to the others, Jim appeared to have been caught only by the periphery of it. The boy would recover and, but for a splitting headache, would probably be fine. \n
\nPenley put the x-ray machine down. He heard bleeping. Was the machine still operating? No, it was something else. He looked around and picked up Jamie’s helmet. Caledon Base was trying to contact him.\n
\nPenley turned the communicator control to manual and operated the mechanism. ‘This is

Penley,’ he said. ‘Come in, Caledon Base, this is Penley.’\n
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\nJan Garrett exchanged surprised looks with Dr Who as Penley’s voice filled the Control Room.\n
\n‘Penley?’ Jan said. ‘I thought you were all dead.’\n
\n‘Nearly,’ Penley’s voice crackled back. ‘The soldiers are gone. So is Arden. I’m sorry, Jan.’\n
\n‘We saw the soldiers,’ Jan answered. ‘We thought Arden would be as well, but we hadn’t seen... We weren’t sure.’\n
\n‘Is the old fellow there?’ Penley’s voice continued.\n
\n‘I am,’ Dr Who answered.\n
\n‘Your nephew’s alive,’ Penley said. ‘He’s unconscious and I’m not entirely sure of his condition but he’s alive.’\n
\nDr Who waved a clenched fist in a reflexive show of relief. ‘Thank you, sir. Thank you so much.’\n
\n‘Don’t thank me yet,’ Penley said. ‘Like I said, I’m not sure of his condition.’ They heard him sigh. ‘And the Ice Warriors still have the girl. I saw one of them carrying her into their spaceship.’\n
\n‘One of them?’ Dr Who asked, a fraction before Jan could get the question out. ‘You mean there are more of them?’\n
\n‘I saw three,’ Penley confirmed, ‘but they were all outside. There could have been more inside.’\n
\n‘Quite likely,’ Dr Who agreed. ‘They’ll be trying to free their ship.’\n
\n‘What are you going to do now?’ Penley asked.\n
\nJan answered. ‘We don’t know yet,’ she said. ‘Clent is... Clent is no longer in command.’\n
\n‘What?’ Even through the radio distortion, Penley’s surprise was evident. ‘What happened?’\n
\nJan explained briefly. ‘He had a breakdown. The soldiers dying was the last straw. He cracked and he needs treatment. We don’t have anyone in command.’\n
\n‘But how will you get anything done?’ Penley demanded. ‘It will take days to get a replacement there.’\n
\n‘We have a replacement,’ Jan said. ‘A very capable one.’\n
\n‘Oh?’ Penley sounded surprised. ‘Who? Fancy the job yourself, do you?’\n
\n‘Mr Penley,’ Dr Who interrupted, ‘I believe that Miss Garrett was talking about you. And,’ he added, ‘from everything I have heard since I arrived here, I would suggest that you are an excellent choice.’\n
\nPenley sighed wearily. ‘I don’t know,’ he said. ‘I’m tired and I walked away from all of that.’\n
\n‘But?’ Jan asked. ‘I know there’s a “but” coming.’\n
\n‘But I wondered what Sal and the girls would have made of me hiding up here when I should be trying to help.’\n

\n‘So you’ll come back?’ Jan said. Could she dare hope that he would?\n
\n‘I’ll start out for the Base in a few minutes,’ Penley’s voice crackled. ‘I’ll be bringing your nephew with me, Doctor.’\n
\n‘Thank you, Mr Penley,’ Dr Who said warmly. ‘Thank you so very much.’\n
\n‘Well, I’d better get started,’ Penley’s voice resumed. ‘See you in a little while.’ The radio clicked off.\n
\nDr Who turned to Jan and sighed. ‘I am so very relieved that Jim is alive. I must believe Vanessa is also alive or the Ice Warrior would not have taken her into their ship.’ He pushed himself up onto his feet. ‘Would you please be so kind as to ensure that my nephew gets whatever medical treatment he needs when Mr Penley brings him back here?’ He started for the door.\n
\nJan hurried after him. ‘Where will you be?’\n
\nDr Who sniffed. ‘Violence has not brought an answer to this situation,’ he said. ‘Perhaps the fine art of diplomacy might?’\n
\n‘Diplomacy?’ Jan asked. ‘What do you... You don’t mean you’re going up there to talk to these things?’\n
\nDr Who smiled resolutely. ‘I mean precisely that, my dear.’ He rubbed his hands together. ‘If nothing else, I should very much like a look inside that spaceship of theirs.’ He winked. ‘I am terribly curious. Susie tells me it is one of my greatest strengths and also one of my greatest faults.’\n
\n‘What makes you think they won’t just blast you to kingdom come on the spot?’ Jan demanded.\n
\nDr Who took his bearings and headed towards the corridor leading out of the Castle. Jan hurried to keep up. ‘I shall appeal to their sense of fair play and honour,’ he said finally.\n
\n‘And what if they don’t have any of that?’\n
\nThe old man’s lips pursed thoughtfully. ‘Well, then I shall be in a spot of bother, won’t I?’\n
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\nJan had protested all the way to the dome’s outer hatch but there had been no budging Dr Who’s mind. After he stepped outside of the dome he disappeared into Tardis for a few moments, returning with a stylish overcoat over his usual jacket.\n
\nHe strode off along the path taken by Jim and Arden a few hours before. The snow had obscured their tracks but he had memorised the route and made good headway despite the appalling conditions. \n
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\n‘So you’re leaving me?’\n
\nPenley turned to see Storrie glaring at him, his face a mask of betrayal. \n
\n‘I’m not abandoning you,’ the scientist explained, ‘but they need my help at the base. Their commander is... he’s ill and they need someone to help.’\n

\n‘And it has to be you,’ Storrie said accusingly. \n
\n‘I’m the only person around here who can do it,’ Penley said. ‘I’m sure they’ll replace me when they can get one of their own people flown in, but until then I have to help.’\n
\nStorrie pointed an angry finger at the unconscious young man on the couch. ‘And you had to help him as well, I suppose. He’ll be from the Base, I take it?’\n
\nPenley sighed. ‘It’s hard to explain.’\n
\n‘I’m not stupid,’ Storrie said obstinately.\n
\n‘No,’ Penley agreed, ‘you’re not.’ Just stuck in your ways. He decided to let Storrie have the truth. ‘They found something in the ice.’\n
\n‘Something? What kind of something?’\n
\n‘Something alien,’ Penley answered. ‘A creature from another planet, frozen in the ice, frozen for centuries... but there must have been some protection in that armour suit it wears. There are more of them and they have a ship. It’s embedded in the glacier.’\n
\n‘A spaceship?’ Storrie said. He sounded as if he didn’t believe a word. ‘And alien monsters? In the glacier? How stupid do you think I am, to fall for that tale?’\n
\n‘It’s true,’ a weak voice said from the couch.\n
\nPenley turned to see Dr Who’s nephew trying to push himself upright. ‘You stay still,’ he told the young man. ‘I’ve no idea how badly hurt you are.’\n
\n‘I don’t care how badly hurt I am,’ Jim argued. ‘Those things have Vanessa and they killed Arden and the soldiers.’ He looked at Penley with just a hint of hope. ‘Although if I’m alive, Arden...’\n
\nPenley shook his head. ‘I’m sorry. He’s gone.’\n
\nJim slumped back onto the couch. ‘He was closer. He must have taken the brunt of the blast.’\n
\nStorrie pulled the conversation back a little. ‘What do you mean the soldiers are dead? Is the Base fighting these aliens?’\n
\n‘Only to get Vanessa back,’ Jim explained. ‘And I have to get back to the ship. I have to help her.’\n
\n‘No,’ Penley cut across Jim. ‘Your uncle is waiting for you at the Base. He wants you back there.’\n
\nJim pushed himself into a sitting position. ‘I’m not leaving her.’ He tried to stand but his knees buckled and he fell back onto the couch.\n
\n‘Do you really think you’re in any condition to take on a ship full of Ice Warriors?’ Penley asked. ‘Do you?’\n
\n‘No,’ Jim admitted miserably.\n
\n‘All right,’ Penley said reasonably. ‘You have fifteen minutes to get your legs back under you, then we move out.’ He turned to Storrie. ‘And you have plenty of food, medication and water to keep you going until I get back.’\n

\n‘If you get back,’ Storrie said miserably.\n
\nPenley snorted. ‘How could I stay away? How would I get through a day without your cheery face?’\n
\nStorrie just glared at Penley in disgust.\n
\nBy the time he reached the glacier and the Ice Warrior spaceship, Dr Who was actually feeling rather warmed by his exertions and he was quite out of breath.\n
\nThere were three Ice Warriors outside of the spaceship. One was in an advanced position on guard while two others were operating large sonic devices which were vibrating the ice around the spaceship, vaporising most of it and making the rest fall to the snow in gleaming chunks. The sentry raised its arm and aimed its weapon as he approached.\n
\n‘I come to you in peace,’ Dr Who said quickly. ‘I wish to speak with your leader. I believe he has my niece inside your ship.’\n
\nThe Ice Warrior extended its arm, as if to fire its weapon. Dr Who gulped nervously, before a sibilant voice came from the tunnel.\n
\n‘Bring him into the ssspaceship.’\n
\nThe sentry turned, keeping its weapon aimed at Dr Who.\n
\n‘I assume you would like me to go first?’ the old man suggested. ‘Very well.’ He moved along the little tunnel towards the hatch. ‘Is there a doorbell? Do I have to knock?’ The hatch slid open. Dr Who beamed cheerily. ‘Ah, splendid.’ He wandered inside as relaxed as if he was entering a friend’s home.\n
\n‘Doctor!’ Vanessa exclaimed in relief. She ran to the old man and hugged him. ‘I’m so glad to see you.’ She pushed away slightly. ‘But you shouldn’t have come here. It’s too dangerous.’ She pulled in a deep breath. ‘Jim is...’\n
\n‘Recovering,’ Dr Who interrupted gently.\n
\nVanessa simply stared. ‘He’s alive? But I saw him killed. One of the Martians killed him.’\n
\nDr Who’s bushy eyebrows lifted in interest. ‘Mars, eh? How absolutely fascinating. That raises so many questions.’ He caught Vanessa’s hands and squeezed them. ‘But yes, Jim is alive and he will soon be getting the best treatment possible.’\n
\nTears of relief began to well in Vanessa’s eyes. ‘You’re sure he’s alive?’\n
\n‘Yes, yes,’ Dr Who said encouragingly. ‘We have no time for tears. We have a great deal to do.’ He straightened and turned to address Varga. ‘I assume, sir, that I am addressing the leader of your people.’\n
\n‘I am commander,’ Varga hissed. \n
\n‘His name is Varga,’ Vanessa added.\n
\n‘Varga,’ Dr Who repeated and he gave a curt bow to the Martian. ‘I am Dr Who. Or some just call me “Doctor”. I am content with either.’\n
\nVarga looked at the old man for a long moment. He hissed and Dr Who could smell the foul, oily stench of the Martian’s breath. ‘Dr Who,’ Varga hissed. ‘Why are you here?’\n

\n‘Well,’ Dr Who took Vanessa’s hand, ‘you have my niece prisoner on your ship, and things have rather got out of hand.’\n
\n‘Your soldiers attacked ussss,’ Varga said angrily.\n
\n‘And that was foolish,’ Dr Who said quickly. ‘It was an order given by a man who was unstable in the mind. He has been removed from command at the Base. The people who are in command now are eager to talk with you to find a peaceful resolution to this situation.’\n
\nVarga only hissed in reply.\n
\nDr Who continued. ‘The people in that Base would be happy to help free your ship from the glacier.’\n
\n‘Even after we killed so many of your kind?’ Varga asked.\n
\n‘That will have to be addressed,’ Dr Who admitted, ‘but humanity – that is us – we were not entirely innocent in this matter. If we can agree that the confrontation came from misunderstanding and fear then, yes, I believe we can find a peaceful resolution.’\n
\nVarga paused for a long moment, mulling Dr Who’s words. Finally he spoke. ‘Then you are weak. We will have no difficulty in conquering this planet.’\n
\n‘You will have a great deal of difficulty, sir,’ Dr Who said angrily. ‘Man is an advanced species and one which has had to defend itself many times. He has developed the most terrible of weapons. I urge you, I implore you... find a peaceful solution.’\n
\n‘Peace is for the weak and the conquered,’ Varga hissed. ‘We will conquer this planet easssily.’\n
\nDr Who straightened his back and looked up at the giant towering over him. ‘You think one trapped spaceship can do that alone? Hmm?’\n
\nThe giant head rolled, giving the Martian the look of an enormous turtle trying to work its way out of its shell. ‘We shall summon other ships from our world.’\n
\nDr Who shook his head sadly. ‘That is not possible.’\n
\nVanessa added, ‘I told you, you’ve been in the ice for over a thousand years.’\n
\n‘A long way over a thousand years,’ Dr Who confirmed. ‘You have been in the ice for thirty-two thousand years. In that time a great cataclysm has befallen your world. Mars is dead, cold and lifeless, unable to sustain any form of life.’\n
\n‘You lie,’ Varga said, taking a menacing step forward. \n
\n‘No,’ Dr Who said quickly, ‘I am telling you the truth. Surely your instruments will tell you the same thing?’\n
\nVarga spun away and operated a panel. He stared at the bizarre flow of shapes and colours across a display monitor. His shoulders seemed to slump forwards and he was still for a long moment before speaking.\n
\n‘When we landed on thisss planet, there wasss no technology. Life was sssimple. Ape creaturess hunted animals. Our ship wasss damaged by a meteor. We landed to repair the problem but before we could take off a great fall of snow encased usss and our ship. We slept

and our world perished.' Varga turned away from the monitor. 'Now we are all that remainsssss.'\n
\nVarga sounded devastated. \n
\n'Then share this planet,' Dr Who encouraged Varga. 'There is room for you here. When they understand you, humanity will make you welcome.'\n
\n'We do not need pity,' Varga hissed, 'and we do not need to share. On our world there is a great vault of eggs, locked in sssstasis. We can revive them. We will hatch our young and rebuild our armies. We will conquer this world.'\n
\nDr Who shook his head slowly and sadly. 'No, sir, you will not,' he said. 'If I do not return to the Base with news that you will negotiate for peace, then the Base will turn its Ioniser device upon the glacier. I'm sure you have seen what it has done at the merest fraction of its power.'\n
\nVarga lumbered back towards Dr Who and Vanessa. 'You threaten usss?'\n
\n'No,' Dr Who said urgently. 'No, I simply beg you to see sense and to find a way for everyone to live peacefully.'\n
\n'We will live in peace,' Varga said after a moment, 'when humanity isss destroyed.'\n
\n'Oh, why won't you see sense?' Dr Who demanded, waving a finger at Varga as if he was a naughty schoolboy. He swept his arms out wide. 'Earth is far larger than your home world, Mars. There is room for everyone.'\n
\nVarga stared at Dr Who. 'No.'\n
\n'But...' Dr Who threw his hands in the air in protest and then jammed them in his pockets in irritation. 'You are an advanced, civilised species,' Dr Who said, controlling his temper. 'Is this how you have always conducted yourselves? Through conquest rather than conversation?'\n
\n'Yesss.'\n
\nDr Who sighed. 'Then Penley named you well when he dubbed you "Ice Warriors", didn't he?' His lips pursed thoughtfully. 'I must assume that you intend to kill Vanessa and myself?'\n
\nVanessa stepped backwards in fear.\n
\n'No,' Varga said, surprising them both. 'We are warriorss. There iss no honour in killing you. The child iss courageousss. You will be our sslavess.'\n
\nDr Who sniffed disdainfully. 'So, we'll be slaves, will we?' he said with distaste. 'Well, if the Daleks couldn't turn me into a slave – and believe me, they tried – then I really don't think you're going to do it.'\n
\nVanessa gripped Dr Who's arm. 'Why are you antagonising him?'\n
\n'Because, despite everything, my dear, I came here in good faith to help these people leave the Earth unharmed.' He gave his companion a warm little smile. 'And, of course, to return you safely.'\n
\nDespite the desperate situation, Dr Who's bravery encouraged Vanessa. 'Thank you.'\n
\nDr Who plucked his fob watch from his waistcoat pocket and peered at the dial. 'Well, it's been lovely to visit your ship, Commander Varga, and I must thank you for keeping dear Vanessa

safe, but in five, four, three...' he smiled grimly as he completed the countdown, '...in two, one... yes, I think it's time for Vanessa and I to leave you now.'\n
\n'No,' Varga hissed. 'You will...' The Ice Warrior tried to move towards the two humans but his limbs were heavy and unresponsive. He lurched around crazily like a drunken Frankenstein's monster. Around the Control Room, the other Ice Warriors also reeled around. The knees of one buckled and he fell hard to the floor. Another tried to grasp a panel to stay upright but his clamp hands refused to close and he slid down the wall to join his prostrate fellow. 'What... have... what have you done?' Varga gasped out.\n
\nDr Who plucked a glass canister from his pocket. 'Before I came up here I mixed a batch of a gas which is known to make reptilian life lapse into unconsciousness. Its effects are not lasting and you will recover in time.'\n
\n'You... tricked... us...'\n
\n'No,' Dr Who shook his head severely. 'I used this only because you have threatened to kill, subjugate and enslave. I implore you again, please seek a more peaceful way.'\n
\n'Ssssss.' Varga slumped to the hard, white floor. Before he finally succumbed to the gas, both Dr Who and Vanessa heard one last word. 'No.'\n
\n'Oh, obstinate!' Dr Who said in utter frustration. 'Why won't he listen?'\n
\nVanessa pulled her uncle towards the door. 'Why don't we talk about this back at the Castle?' she asked.\n
\nDr Who pulled his spectacles from his nose and carefully put them away. 'Very wise, my dear. Very wise.' He followed Vanessa to the hatch and was delighted that she had been paying attention well enough to be able to open the sliding door. \n
\nThey hurried out into the storm, which had, unbelievably, grown even more violent. Both huddled inside their coats and turned the thermal pads to maximum.\n
\n'Over there,' Vanessa whispered, pointing away to the side.\n
\nThrough the gusting snow, a large figure could be seen lumbering through the blizzard, moving away from the ship.\n
\n'He must be on patrol,' Dr Who said tetchily. 'I thought they were all inside. That fellow must have blotted his copybook to land this duty.'\n
\nVanessa shook her head, though it was barely noticeable inside her hood. 'I think they like the cold,' she said. 'They're very comfortable in it.'\n
\n'I suppose Mars would have been cold even in their era,' Dr Who mused thoughtfully, 'but it's unusual for a reptile species.' He grasped Vanessa's hand and started off towards the Base, ensuring that they stayed out of sight of the patrolling Warrior. 'That's something else for us to talk about when we get back to the Base.'\n
\nSupporting each other against the treacherous conditions underfoot, Dr Who and Vanessa hurried away from the glacier and the spaceship it held captive.\n
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\nNot far away, Penley and Jim had also begun their journey back to the Base. They were both unaware that behind them, stalking them through the snow, was the tiger.\n

\nCHAPTER EIGHT\n
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\nThe Escape through the Snow\n
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\nThe blast from the Ice Warrior’s sonic weapon had left Jim aching all over. His back hurt and his legs screamed with pain when he walked but he wanted to get back to the Base. He had to know what had happened with Vanessa and his uncle. He took a little time to stop feeling like Bambi when he walked and soon declared himself ready to go. Both he and Penley knew that Jim was lying about really being ready, but they also both knew that they had no choice. They had to get back to the Base.\n
\nWhile Jim had been recovering, Penley had been arguing with his odd little friend, Storrie. The scruffy little man was incandescent that Penley wanted to go back to the Base to help.\n
\n‘But why?’ Storrie screamed again.\n
\n‘Nothing important,’ Penley said sarcastically. ‘We only have to save the world.’\n
\n‘Let somebody else do it!’ Storrie objected.\n
\n‘Nobody else can,’ Penley had explained in a more reasonable tone. ‘Look, I’ll be back in a few days.’\n
\n‘No, you won’t,’ Storrie said bitterly. ‘Oh, if you’re going, just get out. Go on, get out.’\n
\nAt that, Jim and Penley had set off out into the blizzard, leaving Storrie behind. The last words they had heard from the feral little man was a yell of ‘Traitor!’\n
\nThat confrontation had bothered Penley and it had led him to be quiet as he and Jim made their way through the snow-encased streets of Edinburgh. Jim hadn’t tried to engage Penley in conversation and, to his credit and Jim’s relief, Penley hadn’t urged Jim to speed up. Jim’s legs had gone beyond pain and were now a horrible mixture of numb patches and agony. But he kept going. \n
\nThey had just crested a small rise, when Penley put out a hand to stop Jim. ‘Wait.’\n
\nJim looked around nervously. ‘What is it?’\n
\nPenley tilted his head, straining to listen to... something. ‘I’m not sure,’ he answered, ‘but I hope it’s not what I think it is.’\n
\nPenley’s tone only agitated Jim more. ‘And what would that be?’\n
\nThe powerful shape of a big cat prowled just at the very edge of their vision. It was huge and walked with a slight limp. The cat appeared to be almost entirely white but that was surely a heavy covering of snow sticking to its fur.\n
\n‘It’s a tiger,’ Penley said softly. ‘It escaped from the zoo a few years ago.’\n
\n‘Are you sure?’ Jim asked. He didn’t expect Penley to have any doubts. The scientist didn’t let him down.\n
\n‘You notice the way it limps?’ Panley asked. ‘That’s because I shot it.’\n

\n‘Oh, great,’ Jim muttered. ‘It’s not bad enough that we have murdering aliens around, there’s an annoyed tiger as well.’\n
\n‘Sorry about that,’ Penley shrugged. ‘Listen, we need to get you indoors. We can’t outrun that tiger.’\n
\n‘If I could outrun you, I’d be leaving you behind,’ Jim said sourly. ‘Sorry, I make bad jokes when I’m nervous.’\n
\nPenley’s eyes hadn’t left the circling figure of the tiger. ‘Oh, don’t worry,’ he said. ‘I left nervous behind a long time ago. I’m terrified.’\n
\nJim watched the tiger prowl. ‘I hate saying this but you could shoot it.’\n
\n‘Which would bring every Ice Warrior in that ship down on us.’\n
\nJim hadn’t considered that. ‘Fair point. Any ideas?’\n
\nThere’s a slope beside you,’ Penley said quietly. ‘Do you see where it leads?’\n
\nJim followed the slope upwards. ‘It looks like a shop window.’\n
\n‘It is,’ Penley agreed. ‘Second floor of a family department store. It opened during the retro boom of a few years ago. Storrie and I climbed up there and helped ourselves to clothes and extra bedding. There should be a rope dangling. It’ll be under some snow though.’\n
\nJim scrabbled in the snow and found a thick, knotted rope. He yanked on it hard. It didn’t budge. ‘It feels pretty solid,’ Jim said.’\n
\n‘Start climbing,’ Penley said. ‘I’ll hold our friend here off with the rifle if necessary.’\n
\nJim looked up at the climb. His legs ached and were exhausted. ‘I don’t know if I can manage the climb,’ he admitted.\n
\n‘You’ll just have to,’ Penley said, still watching the tiger. It was closer now. ‘Because I’m not leaving you here for that thing.’\n
\n‘All right.’ Jim grasped the rope and started pushing himself upwards with his feet. It was useless, He was never going to make it. He heard the tiger growl. Somehow that encouraged his foot to find a grip. He pushed hard, ignored the pain. His other foot had found a grip too. He pushed again. He heard the tiger. It was closer. He ignored the tiger, ignored the pain. He climbed, pushing up the rope, higher up the wall. One of the windows was open. With a burst of energy he launched himself upwards and threw an arm over the ledge. The other arm followed. One more push and... He flopped over the ledge and dropped inside the shop. He wanted to take a moment to gather himself but he couldn’t afford that moment. Penley couldn’t afford that moment. Jim peered out of the window. The tiger was close to Penley. The scientist really didn’t want to fire his rifle. There had to be another way to scare the big cat off... Jim looked around the store he now stood in. It was full of household items. Jim grabbed the nearest table lamp – which seemed to have a light actually built in to it – and hurled it out of the window. It hit a patch of ice in front of the tiger and bounced up. The tiger threw itself away to avoid this new danger. Penley took his chance. He grabbed the rope and started climbing. Jim grabbed lamp after lamp and threw them at the tiger. The cat stared at him with rage in those hungry amber eyes. \n

\nAnd then, as Jim ran out of lamps, it ran towards Penley. He was climbing well but the cat was fast. If it leaped it would have him.\n
\nJim swept up a footstool and hurled it at the cat. It hit the animal square on the snout. Its face dipped and it stumbled. That gave Penley enough time to heave himself further upwards. \n
\nThe cat leaped.\n
\nIts flailing claw missed Penley by inches. \n
\nJim grabbed the scientist and hauled him inside.\n
\n‘Thanks,’ Penley gasped. ‘I didn’t think I was going to make it.’\n
\n‘Neither did I,’ Jim confessed. He looked out at the tiger, which circled below the window, staring up hungrily. ‘I hope I don’t have to pay for all those lamps.’\n
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\nThe Ice Warrior who had been on patrol returned to the spaceship to find all of his comrades unconscious on the floor. Very quickly it too was feeling disoriented, but it was close enough to the hatch to operate the control opening the door again. Locking the door open, the Ice Warrior waited for the nausea and dizziness to pass. As the wind blew fresh air in and took the drugged air out, the Ice Warrior revived. A few minutes later, so did its comrades.\n
\nVarga was the first back to his feet. ‘The old one released a ssedative gass,’ Varga hissed angrily. ‘We have been disshonoured.’ He looked around, focusing on the subordinate who had vented the gas. ‘Did you ssee the humans leave?’\n
\n‘No,’ the Warrior answered. ‘I ssaw nothing.’\n
\n‘The old one iss cunning,’ Varga said with some admiration. ‘They have escaped.’ He turned towards his Warriors. ‘Finish freeing the sside of the ship,’ he said. ‘We must have the weapons ports free.’\n
\nWhile his Warriors set about their work, Varga began calibrating his weapons sensors, and zeroed in on the dome over Caledon Base.\n
\nDr Who and Vanessa were both tired and their faces glistened with sweat as they finally approached the dome. Passing the reassuring shape of Tardis, they entered the dome through the hatch and began the walk up to the Castle.\n
\nJan Garrett was both relieved and amazed to see the old scientist and his niece. ‘I didn’t think you stood a chance,’ she said honestly.\n
\n‘Neither did I,’ Dr Who admitted. ‘That was why I took a vial of gas that knocks out reptiles with me.’ He smiled wearily at his niece. ‘I picked up a sample of something similar on... which planet was it, Vanessa dear? Not Kembel or Vortis... I don’t think it was Marinus either...’\n
\n‘Uncle,’ Vanessa said gently, ‘I don’t think it really matters just now, does it?’\n
\nDr Who smiled sheepishly. ‘I suppose not,’ he conceded and turned his attention back to Jan. ‘It worked, though. It knocked the Ice Warriors out – they are from Mars, by the way – and allowed us to make our escape.’ He sighed. ‘However, one of their number was outside, so we can assume that they will have recovered by now.’ He sat back sadly. ‘They are a people with no

home and no habitable planet to return to. They intend to steal yours. They will not see reason and they will not seek a peaceful answer to this situation.'\n
\n'The Doctor asked Varga time and again and he just kept refusing,' Vanessa added\n
\nJan was struggling to take in all of the information. Gas, Martians, possibly war... 'Varga?' was the question that came out. 'They have names?'\n
\n'Well, of course they do.' Dr Who sounded thoroughly disappointed by the question. 'Most civilised species give their people names. The real question we should ask is not whether they have names but what they will do next.'\n
\n'Any ideas?' Jan asked.\n
\nDr Who eyed her unhappily. 'I should be amazed if it were anything other than some kind of attack.' He looked around, suddenly aware of the lack of two people. 'Is Jim not back?' he asked. 'What about Penley?'\n
\n'They're on their way,' Jan answered, 'although if I'm honest I expected them to be here by now. I'm starting to get worried about them.'\n
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\nInside his spaceship Varga had assessed the scans from the dome and compared them to the information he had accessed. He summoned his crew to hear his orders.\n
\n'The humanss who dominate this world have a device in their Base,' Varga said. 'It iss used to control the advance of the glacier which held uss captive, but should it be turned against the glacier at full power it might melt the glacier and flood our ship or worse, our nuclear engines might explode. We must destroy this Ioniser.' The Warriors nodded their understanding. 'To that end we must have our weapons ports free. You must clear them of ice faster.' Again a nod of understanding.\n
\nBefore Varga could continue an alarm klaxon sounded. On a monitor screen he saw a small human picking its way through the ice and snow towards the ship. He wasn't sure, but Varga thought it the male of the species. There appeared to be something wrong with one of its arms which was bound across its chest. The human didn't seem to be carrying any weapons and made no effort to hide from them.\n
\nVarga went outside to find out what the human wanted.\n
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\nStorrie was enraged. Penley had betrayed him. He had taken the scientist in after he had been thrown out of the dome. Storrie had shown him how to scavenge, helped him find a place to sleep and food to eat. Now it was true enough that Penley had very quickly become a skilled scavenger and that he had found the house Storrie now called his home. Penley had found the drugs that treated his wounds and the food he had in his belly, but Penley would never have been able to do all of that if Storrie hadn't first looked after him and shown him the ropes.\n
\nAnd how had Penley repaid him?\n
\nHe had run off back to that dome the first chance he got.\n

\nHe had abandoned Storrie.\n
\nWell, that just proved what Storrie had always said. You just couldn't trust a scientist. And if Penley had abandoned him, Storrie was going to get his own back. He'd be rid of these scientists once and for all.\n
\nApproaching the glacier face, Storrie saw the creature – the Ice Warrior, Penley had called it – come out of a tunnel it had cut through the ice.\n
\nThe monster grew even more terrifying the closer Storrie got. It was enormous. Storrie was a small man but this beast had to be seven or eight feet tall. It looked down at him with no emotion on its face. Its green face.\n
\nThat was when Storrie realized that this really was a creature from another planet. Penley hadn't been lying.\n
\n'Why are you here?' the giant monster asked. Its voice terrified Storrie\n
\n'I'm here to help you,' he answered quickly. 'You're against the Base and the scientists in it. Well, so am I, so I'm here to help you beat them.'\n
\n'Why would you help uss?' the green monster asked. Something in the way it moved – or didn't move, despite the freezing cold – made Storrie even more nervous.\n
\nHe answered quickly. 'Their scientist abandoned me. We were partners but he abandoned me to go back to the Base.'\n
\n'You were betrayed.'\n
\n'Exactly.' This thing understood him. A monster from another world understood him better than his own kind. 'He betrayed me.'\n
\n'How can you help uss?' the giant alien asked. 'Do you know their weapons? Do you understand their power systems? Do you know which part of their dome is weakest?'\n
\nStorrie shook his head. 'No, I just know they're obsessed with their science. I'll have none of it.'\n
\n'Then you are of no use to usss,' the huge alien said. 'You give us nothing.'\n
\n'I know who Penley is,' Storrie said. 'He's the one who betrayed me, the one who abandoned me. He's...'\n
\nThe giant alien raised its right arm. For the first time he saw what looked like some kind of weapon build into the monster's arm.\n
\nIt was the last thing he saw before Varga blasted him into oblivion.\n
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\n'Tiddles is still outside,' Jim said. He was looking out of the window down at the tiger which prowled angrily below, trying to work out a way to get at its prey.\n
\n'We're its best chance of a meal,' Penley answered. 'He won't be going anywhere until he absolutely has to.'\n
\n'So how do we get back to the Base?' Jim asked. 'We have to get back there in a hurry.'\n
\n'I know,' Penley agreed. 'I'm working on it.'\n

\nJim started looking around the shop’s interior. Perhaps there was another way out. Much of the shop was in darkness and he couldn’t see anything of use in what was visible. Beds, chairs, tables, couches, coffee tables...\n
\nCoffee table.\n
\nOne coffee table caught his eye. It was made of some kind of modern shiny material and was formed in one piece so that there were no actual legs. It had a flat top which swept in elegant curves downwards at either end to the floor. Jim tried lifting it. The table was remarkably light. He flipped it over and gauged the area in that under-table space.\n
\nIt was an absurd idea. \n
\nIt was insane.\n
\nIt would work.\n
\nJim carried the coffee table to the window. Looking down he saw that the snow had been blown against this side of the building into a drifts which stopped just eight or ten feet under the window.\n
\nIt would work.\n
\nJim only hoped that Penley would appreciate the idea. \n
\nUnfortunately, the scientist proved to be less enthusiastic than Jim had hoped.\n
\n‘I’m not sledging my way down to the Base on some coffee table and that’s final,’ Penley said. ‘I’m not five years old and I don’t want to break my neck.’\n
\n‘What do you want to do?’ Jim challenged. ‘You can sit here until the ice crushes us or the Ice Warriors blast us.’\n
\n‘Or the tiger eats us,’ Penley added solemnly. He was looking past Jim further into the store.\n
\nJim heard the tiger’s growl coming from the still and silent escalator. ‘It got in somehow.’\n
\n‘Then it’s time for us to get out,’ Penley said quickly. He hauled the window open and helped Jim settle the upturned coffee table on the ledge. \n
\nJim clambered up and sat at the front of the makeshift sledge. ‘Come on,’ he said to Penley. ‘We have to go.’\n
\n‘I know.’ The scientist was looking back into the shop. A gleaming white shape was moving towards them, weaving through the beds and couches. It looked like a demon spat from the depths of the worst nightmare as it leaped up onto a bed, the thick layer of snow in its fur making it look like the most terrifying ghost Jim could imagine.\n
\n‘Get on,’ Jim repeated.\n
\nThe tiger started to move faster. It was running towards them. It was running full speed. It was getting closer. It was close.\n
\nJim felt Penley’s weight on the table behind him and he pushed off from the ledge. The sledge dropped to the snow a few yards below and Jim dug his heels into the snow to steady this unlikely sledge. Gravity had already taken over. The table was skidding down the drift, picking up pace with every foot it travelled. Penley howled in terror but Jim loved it. He was nine years

old again. It was a cold snowy day and his uncle had built a new sledge for him because he had done so well at school. His uncle had promised to show him how to drive a sledge. Jim had only needed to be shown once. He instinctively understood numbers and engineering, he understood acceleration. He had learned the details and technicalities of those later but as a child he had put them into practical use with his sledge. And that meant he could drive this thing.\n
\nThe table shot down the incline. There was a bump ahead. If they hit it they would jump and possibly be spilled out. Jim dug a heel in and leaned to the side. He felt Penley follow his lead. That was good. He didn't have to shout instructions. They slid by the jump and continued downwards. The drift had gone and they were now on a less steep downward slope. It was broader, a street. There were still hazards ahead. Buried cars and the tops of tram stop posts could dislodge them but Jim's eyes were peeled. He weaved his way around them, never letting their speed drop by too much but never letting it get out of hand either. There were two large blocks of ice ahead.\n
\n'End of the line,' Penley shouted.\n
\n'Not on your Nellie!' Jim whooped. He leaned one way, taking the sledge up the side of a shallow drift and then abruptly leaned the other way and dug in his heel. The sledge swung between the two blocks of ice, continuing on its way.\n
\n'There's the dome!' Penley shouted. His finger was pointing. He was right. The dome was only a few hundred yards ahead. Jim recognised the path they were on. He had already walked it twice. As he got closer to the dome, Jim felt a tinge of panic. It would be cruel if the Ice Warriors gunned them down this close to their goal, or if the tiger somehow caught up with them before they could get through the hatch into the dome. \n
\nHe had to forget all of that.\n
\nJim focused on keeping the sledge on track, on keeping its speed stable.\n
\nHis backside was freezing. That was fine. That was just the cold. \n
\nA hundred yards now.\n
\nLess.\n
\nThe slope began to level off and the sledge slowed.\n
\nThe wind gusted and there was the reliable solid blue shape of Tardis. That meant the hatch was...\n
\nThe table gently came to a halt against the snow piled up on one side of Tardis.\n
\nPenley pushed himself upright and heaved Jim up after him. 'You're a maniac, you know that, don't you,' Penley said with a huge smile.\n
\nJim grinned in return. 'You're not the first person to mention that.'\n
\nPenley clapped him on the back and hurried him towards the hatch. Five minutes later they were reunited with Dr Who, Vanessa and Jan Garrett.\n
\nJan was relieved to see Penley back and was keen to hand over running of the Base to him. She was capable and she knew that. She just knew that Penley was more experienced and, in

this very particular circumstance, more capable.\n
\nJim’s reunion with his companions was more emotional. Dr Who had wrung his nephew’s hand as if he was using an old water pump. Vanessa had simply wrapped her arms around him and held tight. She had also been scandalous and kissed him in company.\n
\nWith the greetings out of the way and everyone holding a welcome cup of hot tea, the group had gathered in the Control Room to discuss a plan of action. \n
\n‘The big question is, what do we do about that spaceship?’ Penley asked.\n
\nThat was when the Base shook under the first impact.\n

\nCHAPTER NINE\n
\n \n
\nThe Battle Begins\n
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\nAnother impact shook the castle.\n
\n‘What the devil is that?’ Penley demanded.\n
\n‘Bits of the glacier could be splintering and falling onto the Dome,’ Jan suggested. She moved to a control panel and called up an external view of the Dome from one of the cameras located on the protective shield. The cameras showed only falling snow, driven along on the wind. But then a strange green light appeared to illuminate the storm. It grew larger, moving in a large, arcing parabola, turning the pinky-grey storm an eerie, sickly green before, just for an instant, the source of the light was shown to be a spitting, roiling ball of energy which slammed into the Dome.\n
\nEdinburgh Castle shook under the impact.\n
\n‘The Ice Warriors are firing at us,’ Dr Who said. He joined Jan at the controls. ‘How sturdy is the Dome?’\n
\nIt was Penley who answered. ‘It was designed to take the weight of snow and concerted and extreme wind,’ he said, ‘but nobody thought about it having to deal with munitions when it was being designed.’ He glanced at Jan. ‘Sorry for interrupting, Jan.’\n
\nJan took no offence. ‘Given that you designed the Dome, I’ll let you off this time.’\n
\nAnother spitting green ball of energy slammed into the Dome, shaking the castle.\n
\n‘How long can it survive this bombardment?’ Dr Who asked Penley.\n
\nPenley ran the problem through his mind, making quick calculations. ‘I’d imagine that a couple of dozen of these hits will result in structural damage. Give the Dome’s shape, once the structure goes it’ll collapse very quickly.’\n
\n‘As I thought,’ Dr Who answered. His eyes prowled the room. Jim knew that look of old. His uncle’s mind was racing.\n
\n‘We need to evacuate the Dome,’ Jan said.\n
\nPenley nodded. ‘Get as many out as you can.’\n
\n‘No,’ Dr Who interrupted. ‘We can use the Ioniser to protect the Dome.’\n
\nBoth Jan and Penley stared at the old man in confusion. ‘How?’ Penley asked. \n
\nDr Who was still thinking, working the details out even as he explained. ‘If we invert the energy outlet to a broad release instead of a directed beam, the Ioniser can detonate the Martians’ artillery long before it reaches the Dome.’\n
\nBoth Jan Garrett and Penley mulled the idea. ‘It’s possible in theory,’ Jan said.\n
\n‘But the calculations,’ Penley muttered, ‘they’ll take too long.’\n
\n‘Jim can do them in his head,’ Vanessa said confidently. \n

\nDr Who nodded his agreement. ‘If we can detect the pulse being fired, Jim can calculate the ideal defensive release.’\n
\nAnother blast shook the Dome.\n
\nPenley looked at Jan. ‘What do you think?’\n
\nJan considered, and looked at Jim, then at Dr Who. She nodded. ‘They can do it.’\n
\nPenley followed Jan’s gaze. ‘All right,’ he said. ‘Do it.’\n
\nDr Who was already at a computer terminal, typing with furious speed. \n
\nJim slid into the seat next to him. ‘Ready when you are,’ he told his uncle.\n
\nDr Who swiped hard on the screen, sending the data across to Jim’s computer. ‘They’ve launched again,’ Dr Who said.\n
\n‘How long till it hits?’ Penley asked.\n
\n‘Twelve seconds,’ Jan replied instantly. ‘Doctor?’ She looked up at the old scientist.\n
\n‘That’s in Jim’s hands now,’ Dr Who replied. He sounded both proud and intensely nervous.\n
\nJim’s brow was furrowed and his fingers flew at the keyboard, punching in numbers. ‘Fire the Ioniser,’ he said urgently.\n
\nPenley nodded but Jan had already operated the control to fire the Ioniser.\n
\nShe transferred the image to the largest wall monitor. A ball of green energy was growing larger as it closed on the Dome. Abruptly the green energy flared and spread out, filling the entire sky and turning the screen green. Slowly the energy dissipated, like green lightning, through the blizzard. A moment later a distant, hollow explosion was heard, but the castle didn’t shake.\n
\nDr Who clapped his hands together and squeezed Jim’s shoulder proudly. ‘Oh, excellent work, my boy. Excellent.’\n
\nVanessa joined the celebration by hugging Jim tightly but Jan’s voice interrupted.\n
\n‘Don’t get carried away,’ she said. ‘They’ve fired again.’\n
\nDr Who’s voice was filled with disapproval. ‘The scoundrels.’ He sent the figures across to Jim who again input the solutions to his calculations and had Jan fire the Ioniser. For a second time the Ice Warriors’ weapon was met by the Ioniser’s defence and exploded harmlessly high overhead.\n
\nDr Who beamed with satisfaction. ‘Splendid.’\n
\nJan announced another blast was incoming. The concern was gone from her voice. She knew that the Ioniser would protect them.\n
\n \n
\nThe atmosphere aboard the Martian spaceship was less placid. Ssarl, one of Varga’s subordinates reported from his station.\n
\n‘The human weapon isss being deployed asss a shield, Commander Varga.’\n
\nVarga looked carefully at the data in front of him. ‘Can our weapons overpower their defecesss?’\n

\n‘No,’ Ssarl answered, ‘they are too powerful. We will exhaust our energy suppliesss if we continue to attack.’\n
\nVarga had already done those calculations. ‘Cease fire,’ he ordered. ‘We will gain nothing with this attack.’\n
\nSsarl operated the control to power down weapons. ‘Reducing power to weaponsss.’\n
\nVarga addressed his entire crew. ‘The human weapon must be destroyed. Prepare to march. We will attack the human Base!’\n
\nThe immediate sense of relief that pervaded the Base’s Control Room after the barrage halted was quickly replaced by a tense atmosphere.\n
\n‘What do you think they’ll do next?’ Jan asked.\n
\n‘Perhaps they’ll just leave,’ Vanessa offered optimistically. Even she didn’t sound particularly hopeful about the suggestion.\n
\nJim squeezed her hand. ‘I don’t think we’re that lucky,’ he said.\n
\n‘No,’ Dr Who agreed. ‘I fear you are correct, my boy.’\n
\n‘Meaning what?’ Jan asked. A weary trepidation had returned to her voice.\n
\nPenley looked across the room at Dr Who. ‘Meaning we can expect something more direct from them?’\n
\nDr Who nodded sadly. ‘I fear so.’\n
\nOn cue, one of the other technicians, who had sat almost forgotten at a computer terminal on the edge of the room, spoke up. ‘Commander... I mean Scientist Penley. I have something. It’s movement outside.’\n
\n‘Show us,’ Penley instructed. \n
\nThe technician did as she was told. A camera on the Dome had changed its angle of view to the terrain in front of the Martian ship. Little was visible through the driving snow but when the wind gusted hard and then abated for a moment there was a brief view of green figures marching through the snow.\n
\n‘You were right, Doctor,’ Penley said. ‘They’re on their way.’ He crossed the room to draw the rest of the command party together. As he passed the technician who had spoken Penley patted her encouragingly on the shoulder. ‘Did you change that camera’s angle on your own initiative?’ he asked.\n
\nThe technician nodded nervously. ‘Yes, sir. I thought they might...’ she faltered. ‘I’m sorry if I shouldn’t have.’\n
\n‘Of course you should,’ Penley said with an encouraging smile. ‘If we get through this we’re going to need people with initiative.’\n
\n‘If we get through this, I’m going to need a stiff drink,’ Jim muttered.\n
\n‘Initiative may be all that gets us through this,’ Dr Who said pensively.\n
\nThat sounded to Jim as if his uncle had an idea. ‘Have you got something in mind?’\n
\n‘Hmmm?’ The old man answered absently. ‘Oh, no. At least, not yet, but I’m sure we shall think

of something,’\n
\n‘Well, we’d better think quickly,’ Penley said, nodding at the monitor screen, on which the green figures continued to grow larger. ‘Because company will be here soon.’\n
\n \n
\nVarga and his crew lumbered relentlessly through the blizzard, their huge feet sinking heavily into the snow. Their progress was slow but remorseless, reversing the same path back to the Base that Varga had taken with Vanessa earlier.\n
\nA growl somewhere in the snow caught Varga’s attention. He recognised it as the feline carnivore that had attacked the human female earlier. The creature was attracted by their movement but turned away as soon as it realised the source of the sound. The animal showed more wisdom than the humans who had attacked the spaceship.\n
\nThe Martians trudged on, unhindered by the appalling conditions. \n
\n \n
\nThe Dome rose ahead of them and Varga led them towards where he knew the hatch to be. He passed a large slab of ice and was struck immediately by a barrage of blasts from pulsed plasma weapons. The bright red plasma slammed into Varga’s chest. Half a dozen charges shook the Martian, staggering him and forcing him to take a step backwards.\n
\nThe rest of Varga’s crew came to his aide, firing their weapons indiscriminately ahead as Varga steadied himself.\n
\nThe pulsed plasma weapons fired constantly. Individually their blasts weren’t strong enough to do any damage to the Martian armour, but repeated shots threatened to overload the electrical systems in the armour. Varga initiated targeting sensors. The attacking humans were out of sight but he could focus on the extreme heat of the weapons they used. A dozen heat signatures were immediately identified. Varga raised his weapon and fired at the nearest pattern of heat. A slab of ice took the brunt of his weapon’s sonic discharge. The ice exploded in a glittering shower of frozen shrapnel. One of the humans screamed as the ice tore into its flesh. \n
\nThe Martian warriors fired relentlessly. Their weapons shook the air and caused detonation after detonation among the snow drifts and chunks of ice behind which the human troops were taking refuge. \n
\nThe humans returned fire. A concentrated barrage of plasma caused the armour of Ssoval, one of the warriors, to split.\n
\nVarga instructed his subordinate to withdraw.\n
\nThe other Martian warriors fired again and again. Moving forward inexorably. The humans fell back or fell to the snow, dead. With fewer human soldiers firing, their weapons stood less chance of harming Varga’s crew. The warriors continued firing.\n
\nThe last of the humans ran to the Dome’s hatch and hurried through. The hatch closed quickly and Varga heard the locking mechanism engaged.\n
\n‘Open it,’ he instructed Ssoval, stepping over the dead body of a human soldier.\n

\nSsoval aimed his weapon at the hatch and fired. After only a few seconds the locking mechanism buckled and the hatch swung open.\n
\nVarga felt the thrill of battle run through him. His warriors had been victorious in the opening skirmish. Now they would invade the enemy stronghold. \n
\nNow they would wipe out the enemy.\n
\n \n
\nJan Garrett stood at Penley's side as he took the report from the surviving soldiers.\n
\n'We lost half the men we sent out there, sir. They hit those monsters with the best hand weapons we have and only managed to injure one of them.'\n
\n'Good God,' Penley breathed. He recovered with admirable speed. 'How many did we lose?' he asked.\n
\n'Eight,' the ranking soldier replied. 'Six of us made it back. We've got another dozen men inside the Castle. That leaves us with eighteen in total.'\n
\nJan saw the guilt for the eight dead soldiers land heavily on Penley's shoulders. 'How much effect did our weapons have on them?' she asked.\n
\n'Not much,' the soldier answered. 'I don't think the eighteen of us can hold them up for long.'\n
\nJim headed for the door. 'Nineteen,' he said. 'I did my National Service. I still remember how to aim a gun.'\n
\n'Jim,' Vanessa began to protest but the young man had already gone.\n
\n'They're inside,' the soldier reported. 'They're marching towards the Castle.'\n
\n'Take cover,' Penley ordered. 'Find the best cover you can. Hold them up but don't take risks.'\n
\n'Right, sir.' The soldier's radio clicked off.\n
\nPenley looked shaken. 'I just told him to do the impossible, didn't I?'\n
\n'Quite possibly,' Dr Who said sympathetically, 'but I have found that when the cause is just, people are often capable of performing apparently impossible feats.'\n
\nPenley was not convinced. 'If you can think of a way to do the impossible I'm listening.'\n
\n'I must think,' Dr Who said. 'I must think.' He began walking around the Control Room, a hand rubbing his chin thoughtfully. 'If I had my own equipment...' He shook his head dismissing that as a possibility. 'No, no, Tardis is outside and so I cannot use anything from there.' He turned to Jan. 'This is a scientific establishment, is it not, Miss Garrett?'\n
\n'Yes,' Jan agreed.\n
\nDr Who hurried towards her. 'Then tell me what scientific equipment we have here.'\n
\n'Better still, show him,' Penley say, 'and show me as well. There might be something that arrived since I left...'\n
\n'All right.' Jan headed for the door. 'This way.'\n
\nShe led them out into the corridor at a run.\n
\n \n

\nFormer Base Leader Clent lay stretched on the Somna-Chair. The device had been set to put him into a long, relaxing, near normal state of sleep. This was the setting on the machine which produced the healthiest results for the patient, resulting in almost natural REM sleep, which remained one of the best ways to calm a mind. Unfortunately it was also one of the lightest forms of sleep the machine produced and so, when the corridor outside the Medical Centre became noisy with running feet and raised voices, Clent's eyes began to flicker and moments later he opened them. He sat up and looked around.\n
\nHe was alone in the room. Though Clent had no way of knowing it, the two men who had been assigned to watch over him were now outside preparing to defend the castle.\n
\nClent rose and stretched. Crossing to the door, he went out into the corridor where technicians and various other members of staff were running along the corridor. He caught Wilson, one of the youngest techs on the staff.\n
\n'What's happening?' he demanded. 'What's going on?'\n
\n'The Martians,' Wilson answered. 'The Ice Warriors. They're attacking the Base. They destroyed the hatch. They're inside the Dome.'\n
\nClent didn't feel Wilson wrench his arm free and didn't see the boy run along the corridor. He didn't see anyone else in the corridor at all.\n
\nThe Base was under attack.\n
\nHis Base was under attack.\n
\nThis was his Base, his command.\n
\nThe work here couldn't fail. It couldn't be allowed to fail. Everything depended on them being successful. The world relied on them being successful. His reputation relied on them being successful. His family's good name relied on them being successful.\n
\nThe Clents were a major force in Scotland. That was why one of the family had been chosen to lead this mission. It was expected that they would lead the way. That was what their family always did. Ronald Clent had never thought it would be him who had the opportunity to advance the family name. He was the third brother. His older siblings had made their marks in medicine and in politics. He had become a scientist and no-one in the family had cared about what he did. Not until the climate changed overnight. All of a sudden they had been interested in his work and their father had been interested in how Ronald's expertise could be used to enhance the family's standing.\n
\nOf course, Clent had no doubt that he deserved to be leader of the Base. Apart from being from a superior family, he was a gifted scientist. His social position simply made him a more natural leader. It gave him an innate authority. It marked him as being someone whose voice was listened to, whose orders were obeyed without question.\n
\nIf Caledon Base was under attack he would put that right He vaguely saw the techs running past him. Appalling behaviour, he thought. When he had dealt with this attack nonsense he would ensure that his staff showed some proper discipline. Yes, he would sort them all out.\n

\nAs soon as he stopped the silliness outside.\n
\n \n
\nJim had joined the defending troops and had been given a pulse plasma weapon with the words ‘Not that it’ll do any good!’ by a soldier. A dozen technicians and scientists had also come out to defend the Castle. \n
\nJim was crouched low behind an ancient cannon, watching the Ice Warriors approach; they were unhurried but remorseless. He had no idea how they could stop these creatures but he was certainly going to try. He glanced at the nearest soldier who gave a sort of ‘wait’ gesture. Jim nodded his assent and turned his eyes back to the Ice Warriors.\n
\nA voice made Jim’s head snap around.\n
\n‘Stop. Stop at once!’\n
\nJim recognised the voice immediately. He was shocked to see former Base Leader Clent striding out towards the Ice Warriors. The little man had a limp but it barely slowed him. Despite being unarmed, he strode towards the leader of the Ice Warriors, stopping barely two yards in front of the massive creature.\n
\n‘Stop at once!’ Clent demanded again. ‘I demand that you stop.’\n
\nTo the surprise of everyone watching, the lead Ice Warrior stopped and indicated for its crew to do likewise. They heard Varga speak.\n
\n‘You demand?’ he said in a hiss.\n
\n‘Yes,’ Clent said with every bit of authority he could muster. ‘I demand it.’ He stared disdainfully at the creature with what Jim recognised as deluded, addled eyes. ‘The work of this Base is vital,’ Clent went on. ‘Humanity’s future depends on it. I will not allow that work to be compromised.’\n
\nVarga’s head tilted curiously. ‘You will not allow it?’\n
\n‘No,’ Clent answered, with the brittle arrogance he had shown his staff when they questioned him. ‘I will not allow it.’\n
\n‘Are you in command of this Base?’ Varga asked.\n
\nClent’s chest puffed out with pride. ‘Yes,’ he answered. ‘I am in command.’\n
\n‘No, you are not in command.’ Varga raised his weapon and fired at Clent, hitting him at short range with a full power blast of sonic disruption. The former Base Leader’s organs, the cells which made them up, were shattered by the blast. He didn’t have time to scream. He simply fell to the ancient cobbles, his face a picture of surprise. ‘You are not in command,’ Varga repeated.\n
\nThe Ice Warriors resumed their approach.\n
\nThe Base’s ranking officer screamed the order. ‘Fire.’\n
\nThe air was filled with the sound of plasma weapons and the Ice Warriors’ sonic weapons. Moments later they were joined by the screams of the dying.\n
\nJim looked out from behind the cannon and fired.\n

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\nJan had led her party to the main scientific store. She, Penley and Dr Who had been desperately looking through the scientific equipment stored there. Vanessa had simply stayed out of their way.\n
\n‘Useless,’ Jan said, hurling a box on nanobots back onto a shelf. They’d never get through the shell. \n
\n‘Nothing here either,’ Penley said miserably. He ducked to another shelf. And nothing here except drilling...’ His voice trailed off.\n
\n‘Penley? Jan asked. ‘What is it?’\n
\nPenley pulled a long object from the shelf. One end was little more than a tube but it broadened out to a flared control panel at the other end. ‘Except Arden’s laser drill,’ Penley said. ‘We could use this.’\n
\nDr Who inspected the device. ‘I imagine that will make them very hot under the collar indeed.’\n
\nPenley was already on his way out of the door. Jan caught the door to follow, but Dr Who was standing still. His eyes had a faraway look as he worked out a complex problem in his head.\n
\n‘Doctor?’ Jan said. ‘What is it?’\n
\nDr Who ignored the question. ‘Vanessa dear,’ he said, catching the younger woman’s hands. ‘You said something back in the spaceship. I should have listened to it then. You mentioned that these Martians like the cold.’\n
\nVanessa nodded uncomfortably. ‘Well, they seem very at ease in it.’\n
\nThe old man’s hands clapped together. ‘I am a nitwit,’ he exclaimed. ‘I assumed that they would require some heat like reptiles here on Earth but if they grew up on Mars where it is colder they must have evolved to deal with that.’\n
\n‘So?’ Vanessa asked.\n
\n‘Don’t you see?’ Dr Who exclaimed. ‘If they have evolved to live in the cold they would be unable to deal with heat!’\n
\n \n
\nThe battle was not going well for the human troops defending Edinburgh Castle. Their weapons were simply not powerful enough to stop an Ice Warrior with one shot. In contrast, a single shot from one of the Ice Warriors’ sonic weapons was enough to kill a human. With the odds so stacked in their favour, the Ice Warriors approached remorselessly.\n
\nJim grabbed the shoulder of the soldier in front of him. ‘Our weapons aren’t powerful enough,’ he said.\n
\nThe soldier looked terrified. ‘I know. There’s nothing we can do.’\n
\nJim had already done the arithmetic in his head. ‘Tell your men to focus on one of the Warriors,’ he said. ‘The one closest to us. Tell them all to aim at its chest and fire at the same time.’\n

\n‘What will...’\n
\nJim cut the question short. ‘Just do it!’\n
\nThe soldier obeyed, passing the order along to the men around him.\n
\n‘Give the order!’ Jim hissed.\n
\nThe soldier reacted immediately. ‘Fire!’ he yelled.\n
\nEight plasma weapons fired simultaneously. The multiple impacts staggered the Warrior, who dropped to a knee. Smoke belched from his armour but he didn’t fall.\n
\n‘Again!’ Jim yelled.\n
\nEight more blasts of plasma slammed into the Warrior’s chest. This time the armour cracked and the super-heated plasma reached the creature inside. The Warrior screamed horrifically in its death agonies.\n
\nVarga’s head turned to his fallen comrade. He hissed in rage. ‘Kill them! Kill them all!’\n
\nThe nearest Ice Warrior turned his weapon towards the source of the blasts that had killed its comrade. Its weapon aimed directly at Jim.\n
\nHis time was up this time. No doubt about that.\n
\nA lance of bright light speared the Ice Warrior. The effect was instant. The Martian’s arms flailed out of control and it screeched in pain as a burning hot yellow/red spot began to glow on its armour. Was the armour melting?\n
\nJim spun around to see Penley aiming some kind of laser weapon at the Warrior.\n
\n‘Kill them!’ Varga hissed again.\n
\nThe Ice Warriors fired again and again. Penley had to duck into cover beside Jim.\n
\n‘Are there any more of those?’ Jim asked, pointing at the laser.\n
\nPenley shook his head. ‘Just this one and its charge is dying. Arden didn’t recharge. I always told him to.’\n
\n‘Maybe you can start the damage for us to finish?’ Jim suggested.\n
\nPenley nodded. ‘I don’t know if I have the power but I’ll give it a go.’\n
\nThey heard Varga’s voice again. ‘Kill them!’\n
\n‘Ready?’ Jim asked, gripping his gun tightly.\n
\nPenley nodded again. ‘Here goes.’ \n
\nBefore Penley could move a bright flare of light and heat made Jim and Penley both duck further into cover. They looked up in time to see Jan throwing another canister out in front of the Ice Warriors. It landed hard on the cobbles and erupted into flames. The Ice Warriors hissed and backed away.\n
\nDr Who hurried to Jim and Penley, protected from the Ice Warrior weapons by a wall of flames. ‘Heat,’ the old man exclaimed. ‘The Ice Warriors cannot abide heat. We can use it to drive them out.’\n
\nJan and Vanessa hurried to join them. Between them they pushed a cart full of canisters like the one Jan had thrown. Jim took one of the canisters and hurled it towards the Ice Warriors. He

heard the Martians hiss.\n
\nPenley was peering through the flames. ‘They’re pulling back.’\n
\n‘Excellent,’ Dr Who said, clapping his hands together. ‘Now perhaps they will listen.’ He moved closer to the flames and spoke in a loud, clear voice. ‘Commander Varga, listen to me. You are aware of the power of the Ioniser device we possess. You are also aware that you cannot capture it. I must tell you that we have turned the Ioniser upon the glacier and are using it to weaken the ice. You will be able to free your ship far more quickly. I urge you to return to your ship before the Ioniser melts the ice and floods the spaceship. We are breaking you free. I urge you to accept this as a show of good faith and that you leave the planet. We have no wish for conflict.’\n
\n‘But we will defend ourselves,’ Penley added.\n
\nVarga didn’t answer and for a long moment it seemed that the Ice Warriors would fight on.\n
\n‘They’re leaving!’ Vanessa exclaimed. \n
\nThey all peered through the flames. She was right. The Ice Warriors were retreating, returning to the hatch. At the sight of their attackers leaving, the human soldiers and technicians began to cheer, but there was no sign of elation of the face of Dr Who’s small group.\n
\n‘This isn’t over,’ Penley said.\n
\n‘Oh, far from it,’ Dr Who agreed, ‘but we must give them the chance to leave Earth without further bloodshed.’\n
\nPenley wasn’t at all sure about that but he didn’t object. ‘Have we really started cutting their ship free?’ he asked.\n
\nDr Who dipped his chin to his chest like a naughty schoolboy. ‘I may have fibbed about that,’ he admitted. ‘We are going to but we haven’t done it yet. I suggest we start now.’\n
\nPenley agreed. ‘All right. Go and get started. I need to clean up here and get our troops ready to defend us with these bombs of yours.’\n
\n‘Science,’ Dr Who agreed. ‘You can find the most useful things in a laboratory.’ He ushered Jan and Vanessa inside before following with Jim. ‘That was very brave of you, Jim,’ he said. ‘I really am very proud of you, you know.’\n
\nPenley smiled as the party disappeared inside. ‘All right,’ he said to his people. ‘Let’s get to work. We have to defend this place.’ He looked at the flames, grateful for the protection they had afforded, but as they flickered and failed, he saw through them, and made out the broken, lifeless body of Clent lying on the cobbles. The animosity he had felt for the pompous little man suddenly felt very petty and unimportant.\n
\nPenley turned away. \n
\nThey still had work to do.\n

\nCHAPTER TEN\n
\n \n
\nFree at Last\n
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\n \n
\nThe humiliation of defeat burned Varga as painfully as if he had stood in the flames in the Castle. There had been no option other than to withdraw. Somehow these humans had worked out that his people were susceptible to extremes of heat. They were more intelligent than he had thought, particularly this Doctor. He was old but he was cunning.\n
\nHe was also weak.\n
\nHe had made a fatal error in letting Varga and his crew go. It was a mistake for which Varga would make him pay.\n
\nStill seething, the Martian leader increased the pace of the long walk back to the spaceship.\n
\n \n
\nIn the Castle's Control Room, Jan Garrett had quickly recalibrated the Ioniser. While the progress of the Ice Warriors back towards their ship was displayed on the main monitor screen, Jan reset the Ioniser's targeting system and set it to vaporise the ice encasing the Martian spaceship.\n
\n'Increasing power to the Ioniser output,' Jan said.\n
\nDr Who perched his spectacles on his nose and peered at the display. 'The ice is turning to vapour. Please do remember to stay clear of the spaceship, Miss Garrett.'\n
\n'Don't worry,' Jan answered dryly, 'I'm in no mood to be blasted off to the African safe zones in a nuclear explosion.'\n
\nDr Who smiled a little sheepishly. 'I do not doubt your abilities for one moment, Miss Garrett, but like you I am very eager that we all survive.'\n
\nThe millennia-old ice steamed and hissed as the superheated energy stripped it away from the glacier. The Ioniser energy dipped lower towards the spaceship, but Jan Garrett's steady control never allowed it to come close to touching the Martian vessel.\n
\nVanessa had been given the task of watching the Martians' progress towards the glacier. 'The Ice Warriors are almost at their spaceship,' she called.\n
\nJan continued to strip away the millennia of ice while the others watched the Warriors complete their trek and enter the spaceship.\n
\n'They're inside,' Vanessa said.\n
\nDr Who straightened in his chair. 'In that case, I think it is time that we had a civilised chat with Commander Varga, don't you?' He glanced at Jan. 'Would you care to do the honours, Miss Garrett?'\n
\nJan grimaced and shook her head. 'I believe you are the one with the diplomatic skills, Doctor,' she said. She pointed at a little black dot in the centre of the metal surround on Dr Who's

computer monitor. ‘That’s your camera. Just look into that.’\n
\nDr Who beamed, thanked Jan and straightened his tie. ‘Would you be so kind as to place the call to Commander Varga for me?’ he asked.\n
\nJan frowned. ‘I’m not sure what that means exactly, but if you mean that you’d like me to contact Varga... I’m doing it now.’\n
\n‘Thank you most kindly.’\n
\n \n
\nVarga was confused as he re-entered his spaceship. The humans had burned away much of the ice holding the ship in place but they had made no attempt to destroy the ship as yet. Perhaps they really were afraid of detonating the engine. A Martian warrior would never have shown such cowardice in battle. If they were using the ion device to vaporise the ice, perhaps he could launch a volley of fire against the human Dome and destroy them.\n
\nA light by the communications panel flashed green twice before a familiar, hated face appeared on the monitor. It was the aged human male.\n
\n‘Commander Varga,’ it said, ‘this is Dr Who. I trust you returned safely to your ship.’\n
\nVarga hissed angrily. The human was taunting him. ‘Your Base will be destroyed.’\n
\nThe old human’s voice became sharp, almost commanding. ‘No,’ it said. ‘There is no need for that. I will make you an offer, a bargain.’\n
\n‘You can offer us nothing,’ Varga answered.\n
\nThe old one sat up straighter on the screen. ‘Our Ioniser has almost freed your ship from the ice. We will free your spaceship completely if – and only if – you give a solemn promise that you will leave Earth and never return. If you refuse, we will alter the settings on our Ioniser and melt rather than dissolve the ice. It is likely that the melted water will flood your ship or at least its engines, rendering it dead. Even if it does not damage the engines, the water will refreeze around you, again entombing your ship in the ice, where it will be left for eternity.’\n
\nVarga hissed at the threat but said nothing.\n
\n‘You are a warrior,’ the old human continued, ‘and a warrior’s word is beyond question. If you give me your word of honour as a warrior that you will leave this world without harming another living soul, we will set you free. That is our offer, sir, now what is your answer?’\n
\nVarga stared impassively at the screen. The human waited and waited. It shifted in its chair uncomfortably.\n
\n‘Your answer, Commander?’ it repeated.\n
\nVarga hissed. ‘I accept your offer. We will leave this worthlesss planet.’\n
\nThe human nodded. ‘Excellent. We will free your ship immediately. Stand by. Caledon Base out.’\n
\nThe screen went blank and Varga ensured that all communications were fully closed before addressing his crew. ‘Prepare to launch.’ He hissed, ‘and prepare weaponsss for firing.’\n
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\nJim was the first to speak to Dr Who when the transmission to the ship finished. ‘Do you really think they’re going to stick to that agreement?’\n
\nDr Who’s grimace was all the answer anyone needed. ‘Probably not,’ he conceded, ‘but we have to give them the chance to avoid further bloodshed.’\n
\n‘Do we?’ Jan Garrett asked. ‘They didn’t give us a chance to avoid bloodshed when they attacked the Base.’\n
\n‘After we attacked their ship,’ Dr Who countered. ‘No, this is something we must attempt, I am sure of it.’\n
\nJan remained cynical. ‘I hope you’re right, Doctor,’ she said. ‘I really hope you’re right.’\n
\nDr Who sucked his bottom lip pensively. ‘So do I, my dear. So do I.’\n
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\nThe Ioniser burned lower, turning ice into water vapour in a fraction of a second. It was operated precisely, stopping only a few inches above the hull of the Martian spaceship. Despite the freezing temperatures, biting wind and heavy snow, the ship was coming to life. \n
\nThe Ioniser worked remarkably quickly and more and more of the ship was freed. As its engines increased its energy levels and the ship vibrated with power, the last few inches of ice shattered and fell away.\n
\nThe ship was free.\n
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\nJim took Vanessa’s hand and squeezed it before speaking. ‘They’re out of the ice.’\n
\nIn truth, Jim had no idea if he had taken Vanessa’s hand to comfort her or himself.\n
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\n‘Commander, we have broken free of the ice,’ Ssarl reported to Varga.\n
\nThe Commander already knew that they were at last released from their tomb. He had been watching everything on his control screens.\n
\n‘Increase power to engines,’ Varga ordered. ‘Ready the ship to lift off.’\n
\nSsarl answered almost immediately. It was more than thirty thousand years since he had performed these tasks, but in Ssarl’s mind it was only a few days. He moved with practiced ease. ‘Ready to lift off, Commander.’\n
\n‘Do it,’ Varga said. ‘Lift off.’\n
\nSsarl operated the controls. The ship shook and vibrated as it pulled against the last efforts of the ice surrounding the bottom of the ship but with one final lurch, the spaceship broke free and began to rise.\n
\n‘We are rising,’ Ssarl said. ‘The engines are responding perfectly. We are gaining altitude quickly.’\n
\n‘Good,’ Varga hissed. ‘Good. Prepare the weapons to fire. Target the human Base.’\n
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\n‘The Ice Warrior ship is at almost three kilometres and rising,’ Jan said, her eyes flicking from

the display in her visor to the image of the Martian ship on the screen.\n
\n‘It’s rising straight upwards,’ Jim added. ‘Ugly looking thing, too.’\n
\n‘The inside is no better,’ Vanessa assured him.\n
\nA flare of green flashed in the screen.\n
\n‘They’ve fired!’ Vanessa exclaimed.\n
\n‘So much for their word!’ Jan shouted.\n
\nThe green pulse closed in, filling the screen. A moment later the Base shook.\n
\n‘Connect me with them again, please,’ Dr Who asked.\n
\n‘They won’t listen!’ Jan objected.\n
\n‘Please, Miss Garrett,’ Dr Who said, sounding like a school teacher attempting to appear stern.\n
\nJan did as he asked. Varga’s face appeared on one of the monitors.\n
\n‘Commander,’ Dr Who said reproachfully, ‘you gave your word. You promised to leave without further conflict.’\n
\nVarga’s sibilant voice hissed back at him. ‘Promissess to lessser speciess are not valid.’\n
\n‘Lesser species?’ Jim exploded.\n
\n‘Commander, this is your last warning,’ Dr Who said in a firm and, for him, almost angry tone. ‘If you do not leave now, we shall be forced to retaliate.’\n
\nVarga hissed an insulting sort of laugh. ‘We are at too great an altitude for your ion weapon to harm usss. Your computer cannot calculate precisely enough.’\n
\n‘He’s right,’ Jan agreed angrily. ‘They’re at thirty-one thousand metres and climbing.’\n
\n‘They’ve fired again,’ Vanessa exclaimed.\n
\nDr Who looked at Jim and nodded before speaking to the entire room. ‘Hold on.’\n
\nThe blast hit the Dome and shook the castle.\n
\n‘We won’t get through many more of these,’ Jan called.\n
\n‘For the last time,’ Dr Who said to Varga. ‘Will you end this foolish attack?’\n
\n‘When you are dead,’ Varga answered.\n
\nDr Who’s old head dipped in defeat. ‘Then I fear you leave us no choice,’ he said. ‘Are you ready, Jim?’\n
\nJim nodded and swiped his finger across a screen. ‘Calculations done.’\n
\n‘You should fire, Miss Garrett,’ Dr Who said.\n
\nJan hit the firing control. ‘We’ll never hit them. They’re too far away and moving too fast.’\n
\nDr Who looked at her, a deep sadness filling his blue eyes. ‘We shall see.’\n
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\nThere was no warning for the Martian ship before the Ioniser’s pulse slammed into it. \n
\nThe ship lurched violently, throwing the Martian crew to the floor. Sparks flew from the control panels, followed by flames and thick, belching smoke. The ship’s infrastructure screamed as metal rent and panels of the roof collapsed. Two of the crew were crushed beneath a support

beam.\n
\n‘Imposssible!’ Varga protested, struggling to his feet. ‘They could not hit us.’\n
\n‘I’m afraid we could,’ Dr Who’s voice came back sadly. ‘I’m afraid you left us no choice. Now, please, leave this world.’\n
\nVarga looked around his ship. The devastation was fatal. The spaceship would never achieve orbit. Its power systems were beyond repair and its hull compromised.\n
\nThe ship was dead.\n
\nBut the battle could still be won.\n
\nVarga pushed his way through the fallen debris and found the navigation panel. He input new co-ordinates and pushed the engines for one final effort.\n
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\n‘Oh, no.’ Jim said.\n
\nDr Who hurried across to him. ‘What is it, my boy?’\n
\nIt was Jan who answered. ‘The ship is diving straight for us.’\n
\nJim’s fingers flew across the controls. ‘I’ve keyed in co-ordinates.’\n
\nBefore Jan could fire, Dr Who tried to reason with the Martian one final time. ‘Commander Varga, I beg you, do not do this. There’s has been enough death.’\n
\nVarga’s voice replied. ‘A warrior’s death. A fitting death.’\n
\nDr Who sighed in defeat. ‘A waste of life.’\n
\nJan’s hand reached for the firing control but an older hand stopped her. Penley pressed on the firing control. ‘If anybody has the responsibility, and the guilt, of taking lives it should be the commander.’\n
\n \n
\nVarga felt the Ioniser’s blast hit his ship. He knew that he was never going to have his measure of revenge, he would not take his enemies with him. The last thing Varga realised before he was incinerated was that he had failed entirely.\n
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\nThe Martian vessel erupted in a blinding white ball of fire eighteen thousand metres above the frozen capital of Scotland. The cameras on the outside of Caledon Base were unable to cope with the brightness of the flare and died instantly. \n
\nDr Who leaped to his feet and hurried across to Jim. They spoke urgently for a few seconds before a new set of numbers were sent to a bemused Jan Garrett.\n
\n‘You must fire again,’ Dr Who said urgently. ‘This will disperse the radiation out into space.’\n
\n‘But that’s impossible,’ Penley objected.\n
\nJan hit the firing control and stared at the monitor. A moment later, she shook her head in disbelief. ‘But it’s true. The radiation from the ship is gone.’\n
\nPenley just stared at Dr Who and his party. ‘How?’\n
\nDr Who gave a rather knowing smile. ‘Would you believe luck?’\n

\n‘No,’ Penley answered.\n
\nDr Who straightened his back and stretched. ‘I shall try to explain,’ he said, ‘but do you think we could possibly do it over a nice cup of tea? Hmm?’\n
\n‘Uncle,’ Vanessa said, taking his arm, ‘I think that is a splendid idea.’\n

\nEPILOGUE\n
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\nHome... to Rest?\n
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\nDr Who, Jim and Vanessa stayed at Caledon Base for four days after the destruction of the Ice Warrior ship. They worked with Penley to get the Base's part of the Ioniser project back on track. Moreover, with Penley and Jan, they worked on the basis of a plan that would allow humanity to reverse the freezing of the planet. It was a complex feat of environmental engineering that would require chemistry, physics, mechanical engineering, mathematics and countless other disciplines to work together, which was, as Dr Who explained, rather the point.\n
\n'This is one world and everyone in it must play their part in returning it to the shining blue beauty it once was.' He patted Penley and Jan on the shoulders. 'And I have absolute confidence that you two will ensure that man achieves precisely that.'\n
\n'You have more confidence than me,' Penley said.\n
\nDr Who chuckled. 'Perhaps we will look back sometime to see if I am right.'\n
\n'Look back?' Penley frowned. 'Are you going somewhere?'\n
\n'Where can you go?' Jan added.\n
\nDr Who simply chuckled again and walked away towards the exit.\n
\n'I think that means it's time for us to go,' Jim said.\n
\n'But where are you going?' Jan repeated.\n
\nVanessa smiled and slipped her hand into Jim's. 'If you follow us, you'll be in for a surprise.'\n
\nJan and Penley did follow the Doctor's party. Snow was still falling outside the Dome. When they came out of the freshly repaired hatch. Dr Who was clearing drifted snow away from one face of an odd blue shed.\n
\n'What on Earth is this?' Penley asked. 'I saw it a few days ago.'\n
\n'This? Dr Who smiled enigmatically. 'Oh, it's nothing.' He shook hands with both Penley and Jan. 'Well, goodbye to you both, and good luck.' He opened a door in the shed and went inside. Vanessa and Jim smiled and waved and followed their uncle inside.\n
\nJan and Penley exchanged bemused looks. A moment later an odd whistling wind sounded from nowhere and to their astonishment, the blue shed faded away, leaving only the snow which had built up against its sides.\n
\nPenley opened his mouth to speak. He couldn't think of anything to say and so he closed it again.\n
\nJan couldn't find anything to say either.\n
\nPenley slipped an arm around his friend. 'Come on,' he said, 'I think we need something stronger than tea.'\n
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\nDr Who was seated in his favourite armchair in Tardis' impossibly large interior. He had changed from his boots into a lovely comfortable pair of slippers.\n
\nJim was manning the ship's controls. 'We're landing, uncle,' he said. \n
\nSure enough, the familiar swooshing sound of landing or take-off began to sound.\n
\nDr Who pushed himself out of the armchair. 'It will be nice to be home in our own little house, won't it?' he said happily. He shuffled to the door then stopped and invited Jim to open the door. 'Just make sure it hasn't been snowing, would you?' He seemed a little uncertain. 'You can't be too sure, you know.'\n
\nJim smiled and pushed the door open. 'Don't worry. We're back in the garden.' He moved aside to let his uncle see outside but instead of the garden all Dr Who saw were three people charging into Tardis. The youngest and smallest of the three, a girl of around twelve or thirteen caught him in a hug.\n
\n'Grandfather!'\n
\nDr Who returned the hug. 'Hello, Susie dear,' he greeted his grand-daughter. 'What have you been up to, eh?'\n
\nSusan pointed at the couple who had followed her into Tardis. A handsome, reliable-looking young man in a police uniform and a very beautiful dark haired women in a stylish, rather Edwardian tweed two piece outfit of knee length shorts and a jacket and cape combination. This was her cousin, Louise, and Louise's boyfriend, Tom Campbell. 'We saw a film,' Susan said, 'although I like the remake from 2031 better.'\n
\nDr Who smiled. 'Well, you shall have to tell me all about it.'\n
\nJim and Vanessa had greeted the other couple warmly. They were clearly all very fond of each other.\n
\n'So, what are you doing now?' Louise asked.\n
\nDr Who looked at the door. 'Well, I thought a cup of tea and put my feet up for an hour?'\n
\nLouise's face fell. So did Tom's.\n
\n'We were rather hoping we might go for a trip somewhere,' Susan said with her most appealing smile.\n
\n'Were you now?' Dr Who answered.\n
\nSusan replied with a nod.\n
\nDr Who looked around at the gathered faces. 'What about you, Jim? And you, Vanessa dear?'\n
\nJim slipped an arm around Vanessa. 'I'm sure we can find somewhere interesting to have a cup of tea.'\n
\nDr Who felt the tiredness leave him. Suddenly sitting at home was not such an appealing thought. 'All right,' he said. 'Let's go and find that cup of tea.'\n
\nThe faces around him broke into broad smiles.\n
\nDr Who pressed the controls, sending Tardis off into space and time again. Wherever they

wound up, he was ready to bet they wouldn’t find a proper cup of tea. Strangely, it didn’t bother him one bit. \n
\nThey were off on another adventure.\n
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\nStarring\n
\nPETER CUSHING as Dr Who\n
\nJIM DALE as Jim\n
\nVALERIE LEON as Vanessa\n
\nANDRE MORELL as Penley\n
\nWANDA VENTHAM as Jan Garrett\n
\nGORDON JACKSON as Clent\n
\nPATRICK MOWER as Arden\n
\nFULTON MACKAY as Storrie\n
\nBERNARD BRESSLAW as Varga\n
\nGuest appearances by\n
\nBERNARD CRIBBINS as Tom\n
\nJILL CURZON as Louise\n
\nROBERTA TOVEY as Susan\n
\n \n
\nWritten by Brian Hayles and David Whitaker\n
\nMusic by James Bernard\n
\nDoctor Who theme music written by Ron Grainer, realised by Delia Derbyshire\n
\nProduced by Milton Subotsky and Michael Carreras\n
\nDirected by Val Guest\n
\nAn Aaru/Hammer co-production\n
\n \n
\nBased on the BBC TV series.\n
\nThe Ice Warriors created by Brian Hayles\n
\nThe Daleks created by Terry Nation\n
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\nDR WHO WILL RETURN IN\n

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